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THEOCRITUS  
WITH  
Rapin's Discourse  
UPON  
ASTORALS.

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Made English by Mr. CREECH.

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*igitur versas, & cætera ludicra pono:  
verum atq; bonum est inquiri, & totus in hoc sum.*  
Hor.

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THE SECOND EDITION.

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To which is prefix'd,

the LIFE of THEOCRITUS.

By Basil Kennet, M. A. of C. C. C. Oxon.

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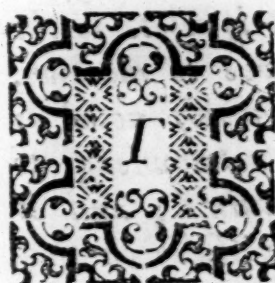
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To His Honoured Friend,  
*Arthur Charlet, M.A.*

Fellow of Trinity College in Oxon.

S I R,



*HIS* in its several Parts being  
 address'd to my Intimate Ac-  
 quaintance, desires a Patron of  
 the same Rank; and hath pitch'd  
 on You as the most able to  
 endure, and most ready to  
 oblige by accepting, a greater Trouble than  
 the rest: It is the Defence of the Whole that  
 you must be engag'd in, whilst the others singly  
 are charged only with a part: and in this I have  
 followed the Example of the Antients, who tho'  
 they had one of the Lares to preside over every  
 little Room, yet the whole House was dedicated to

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some common Guardian: This Distinction proceeded either from a real Inequality of Power in the Protectors, or from the Difference of those Benefits which They were suppos'd to have actually bestow'd. As to the former Consideration, every one that knows my Friends, will easily allow, that each singly is sufficient for the whole, tho', by reason of my Imperfections, a great Task. But the latter, Sir, gives You the Preference, and Gratitude forceth me to believe his Power to be greatest, who hath most often, and most signally exprest it: Innumerable private Favours I must acknowledge the same way they were bestow'd, and spare your Modesty and my own; for otherwise it would seem that I thought there was something in my self worth your Notice; or else I must publickly proclaim, that You (which tho' 'tis really your Case, yet very few can boast) are kind and generous without any Prospect of Return: But those which properly relate to the present Occasion, I must beg leave to mention, since Pliny and all agree, hath severely noted as the greatest Ingratitude, not to acknowledge to whom we owe what we have attain'd; and it would argue Stupidity to run wilfully on that Censure, which hath been so justly pass'd, and so much applauded.

You may remember, Sir, how often, when the publick Cares of Your well-managed Office would permit You to retreat, we have retir'd to a Grove, where Quiet spreads all around, and a springing  
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## The Dedication.

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*Verdure, and checquer'd Variety to raise the Thoughts, and recreate the Fancy; whilst soft Breezes murmur'd thro' the Trees, which, like our Affections, serv'd only to intermix, but never to shatter or disturb: There I have enjoy'd whatever the Poets could imagine, a free, innocent, and instructive Discourse, such as reform'd my Errors, and encourag'd those Essays which you was pleas'd to think endeavours after Virtue; till then I envied the Happiness of the described Swains, and look'd on Virgil and Theocritus as Disturbers of Mankind, who elaborately describ'd the most perfect and surprizing Beauties, but gave us no Hopes either to see or to enjoy. The Golden Age was their Scene, and 'twas necessary to look beyond Jupiter himself to find any thing innocent or pleasing, and how tedious such a Search must be, every one may imagine, who considers that 'tis very hard to take so large a Prospect, especially when there is nothing but a bare Contemplation to excite, and reward his Diligence. The time, Sir, I found brought back again by your Conversation, and all those Difficulties (τὰ σκληρὰ Θεοκρίτου) which were so even to a Proverb, practically explain'd: so that whatever in this Performance is drawn soft, innocent, and pleasing; is but a Copy from You the Original. This is the Happiness that attends polite Learning, it smooths all the natural Asperities of Humour and Passion, and spreads an obliging Tenderneſs thro' the whole Man; and where the Cause is in so eminent a Degree, and the Effect*

## The Dedication.

*too necessary, what can hinder the Production?  
These are the Reasons that have determin'd my  
Acknowledgments for former, and given me  
Encouragement to beg a new Obligation, to ac-  
cept this, and pardon its Defects, will be a very  
considerable one to,*

S I R,

Your most

All-Souls Coll.  
July 12. 1684.

Humble Servant,

THOMAS CREECH.



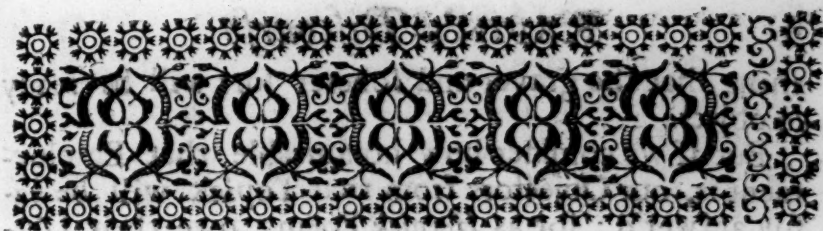
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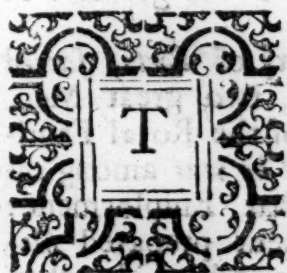
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RAPIN's Discourse  
UPON  
PASTORALS.  
In Three PARTS.

Done from the Original LATIN.



TO be as short as possible in my Discourse upon the present Subject, I shall not touch upon the Excellency of *Poetry* in general; nor repeat those high *Encomiums*, (as that 'tis the most Divine of all Human Arts, and the like) which *Plato* in his *Jone*, *Aristotle* in his *Poetica*, and other learned Men have copiously insisted on: And this I do that I might more closely and briefly pursue my present Design, which, no doubt will not please every Man; for since I treat of that part of *Poetry*, which (to use *Quintilian's* Words) by reason of its Clownishness, is afraid of the Court and City; some may imagine that I follow *Nichocaris's* Humour, who would paint only the most ugly and deform'd, and those too in the meanest and most frightful Dress, that real, or fancy'd Poverty could put them in.

For some think that to be a Shepherd is in it self mean, base and sordid; and this I think is the first



thing that the graver and soberer sort will be ready to object.

But if we consider how honourable that Employment is, our Objectors from that Topick will be easily answer'd: for as *Heroick* Poems owe their Dignity to the Quality of *Heroes*, so *Pastorals* to that of *Shepherds*.

Now to manifest this, I shall not rely on the Authority of the *Fabulous* and *Heroick* Ages, tho' in the former, a God fed Sheep in *Theffaly*; and in the latter, *Hercules* the Prince of *Heroes*, (as *Paterculus* styles him) graz'd his *Herd* on Mount *Aventine*: These Examples, 'tis true, are not convincing, yet they sufficiently shew that the Employment of a Shepherd was sometime look'd upon to be such, as in those fabulous times was not altogether unbecoming the *Dignity* of a *Heroe*, or the *Divinity* of a *God*: which Consideration, if it cannot be of force enough to procure Excellence, yet certainly it may secure it from the Imputation of Baseness, since it was sometime look'd upon as fit for the greatest in Earth or Heaven.

But not to insist on the Authority of *Poets*, *sacred Writ* tells us, that *Jacob* and *Esau*, two great Men, were *Shepherds*; and *Amos*, one of the Royal Family, asserts the same of himself, for he was among the *Shepherds* of *Tecua*, following that Employment: The like by God's own Appointment prepared *Moses* for a Scepter, as *Philo* intimates in his Life, when he tells us, *That a Shepherd's Art is a suitable Preparation to a Kingdom*; the same he mentions in the Life of *Joseph*, affirming that the Care a Shepherd hath over his Cattle, very much resembles that which a King hath over his Subjects. The same, *Basil* in his Homily de *S. Mamm. Martyr* hath concerning *David*, who was taken following the *Ewes* great with young ones to feed *Israel*, for he says that the Art of feeding and governing are very near a-kin, and even Sisters: And upon this Account I suppose 'twas, that Kings amongst the *Greeks* reckoned the Name of Shepherd one of their greatest Titles, for, if we believe

Part. I. *upon* PASTORALS.

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believe *Varro*, amongst the Antients, the best and bravest was still a Shepherd: Every Body knows that the *Romans*, the worthiest and greatest Nation in the World, sprang from *Shepherds*: The Augury of the Twelve Vulturs plac'd a Scepter in *Romulus's* Hand, which held a Crook before; and at that time, as *Ovid* says,

*His own small Flock each Senator did keep.*

*Lucretius* mentions an extraordinary Happiness, and as it were Divinity in a *Shepherd's* Life,

*Thro' Shepherd's Ease, and their Divine Retreats.*

And this is the Reason, I suppose, why the Solitude of the Country, the shady Groves, and Security of that happy Quiet was so grateful to the Muses, for thus *Horace* represents them,

*The Muses that the Country love.*

Which Observation was first made by *Mnasalce* the *Sicyonian* in his Epigram upon *Venus*.

*The Rural Muse upon the Mountains feeds.*

For sometimes the Country is so ravishing and delightful, that 'twill raise Wit and Spirit even in the dullest Clod. And in Truth, amongst so many Heats of Lust and Ambition which usually fire our Cities, I cannot see what Retreat, what Comfort is left for a chaste and sober Muse.

And to speak from the very Bottom of my Heart, (not to mention the Integrity and Innocence of Shepherds, upon which so many have insisted, and so copiously declaimed) methinks he is much more happy in a Wood, that at ease contemplates this Universe, as his own, and in it the Sun and Stars, the pleasing Meadows, shady Groves, green Banks, stately Trees, flowing Springs, and the wanton Windings of a River;

ver, fit Objects for quiet Innocence, than he that with Fire and Sword disturbs the World, and measures his Possessions by the wast that lies about him: *Augustus* in the remotest *East* fights for Peace, but how tedious were his Voyages? How troublesome his Marches? How great his Disquiets? What Fears and Hopes distracted his Designs? Whilst *Tityrus* contented with a little, happy in the Enjoyment of his Love, and at ease under his spreading Beech;

*Taught Trees to sound his Amaryllis Name.*

On the one side *Melibæus* is forc'd to leave his Country, and *Antony* on the other; the one a Shepherd, the other a great Man, in the Common-Wealth; how disagreeable was the Event? The Shepherd could endure himself, and sit down contentedly under his Misfortunes, whilst lost *Antony*, unable to hold out, and quitting all hopes both for himself and his Queen, became his own barbarous Executioner: Than which sad and deplorable Fall I cannot imagine what could be worse, for certainly nothing is so miserable as a Wretch made so from a flourishing and happy Man; by which 'tis evident how much we ought to prefer before the Gaiety of a great and shining State, that Idol of the Crowd, the lowly simplicity of a Shepherd's Life: For what is that but a perfect Image of the state of Innocence, of that golden Age, that blessed Time, when Sincerity and Innocence, Peace, Ease, and Plenty inhabited the Plains?

Take the Poets Description:

*Here Innocent secures a soft Retreat,  
A harmless Life, and ignorant of Deceit,  
And free from fears with various sweets encrease,  
And all's or'e spread with wings of downy Peace:*

*Here*



Part I. upon PASTORALS.

3

*Here Oxen low, here Grots, and purling Streams,  
And spreading shades invite to easie Dreams.*

*And thus Horace.*

*Happy the Man beyond pretence  
Such was the State of Innocence, &c.*

And from this Head I think the Dignity of *Bucolicks* is sufficiently cleared, for as much as the Golden Age is to be preferr'd before the *Heroick*, so much *Pastorals* must excel *Heroick* Poems: Yet this is so to be understood, that if we look upon the Majesty and Loftiness of *Heroick* Poems, it must be confest that they justly claim the preheminance; but if the unaffected neatness, elegant, graceful *Smartness* of the Expression, or the polite drels of a Poem, be considered, then they fall short of *Pastorals*: For this sort flows with Sweet, Elegant, Neat and Pleasing Fancies; as is too evident to every one that hath tasted the sweeter Muses, to need a farther Explication: For 'tis not probable that *Asinius Pollio*, *Cinna*, *Varrius*, *Cornelius Gallus*, Men of the finest Wit, and that lived in the most polite Age, or that *Augustus Caesar* the Prince of the Roman Elegance, as well as of the Common Wealth, should be so extreemly taken with *Virgil's Bucolicks*, or that *Virgil* himself, a Man of such singular Prudence, and so correct a Judgment, should dedicate his Eclogues to those great Persons; unless he had known that there is somewhat more than ordinary Elegance in those sort of Composures, which the Wise perceive, tho' far above the Understanding of the Crowd: Nay if *Ludovicus Vives*, a very learned Man, and admired for politer Studies, may be believed, there is somewhat more sublime and excellent in those *Pastorals*, than the Common sort of Grammarians imagine: This I shall Discourse of in another Place, and now inquire into the Antiquity of *Pastorals*.

Since

Since *Linus*, *Orpheus*, and *Eumolpus* were famous for their Poems, before the Trojan Wars; those are certainly mistaken, who date Poetry from that Time; I rather incline to their Opinion, who make it as old as the World it self; which Assertion as it ought to be understood of Poetry in general, so especially of Pastoral, which, as *Scaliger* delivers, was the most antient kind of Poetry, and resulting from the most antient way of Living: Singing first began amongst Shepherds as they fed their Flocks, either by the impulse of Nature, or in Imitation of the Notes of Birds, or the whispering of Trees.

For since the first Men were either Shepherds or Plowmen; and Shepherds, as may be gathered out of *Thucydides* and *Varro*, were before the others, they were the first that either invited by their leisure, or (which *Lucretius* thinks more probable) in Imitation of Birds, began a Tune.

*Thro' all the Woods they heard the pleasing noise,  
Of chirping Birds, and try'd to frame their Voice,  
And imitate, thus Birds instructed Man,  
And taught them Songs before their Art began.*

In short, 'tis so certain that Verses first began in the Country, that the thing is in it self evident, and this *Tibullus* very plainly signifies.

*First weary at his Plow the labouring Hind  
Began rude Words in certain Feet to bind:  
His dry Reed first he tun'd at sacred Feasts  
To thank the bounteous Gods, and cheer his Guests.*

In certain Feet, according to *Bern. Cylenius* of *Verona* his Interpretation in set Measures: For *Censorinus* tells us, that the antient Songs were loose, and not ty'd up to any strict numbers, and afterwards by cer-  
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tain Laws and acknowledged Rules were confin'd to such and such Measures: For this is the Method of Nature in all her Works, from imperfect and rude beginnings Things take their first rise, and afterwards by fit and apposite Additions are polish'd, and brought to Perfection: Such were the Verses which heretofore the *Italian* Shepherds and Plowmen, as *Virgil* says, sported amongst themselves.

*Italian Clowns from Trojan Lineage sprung,*

*In sportful mood unpolisht Numbers sung.*

*Lucretius* in his Fifth Book *de Natura Rerum*, says, that Shepherds were first taught by the rushing of soft Breezes amongst the Canes to blow their Reeds, and so by Degrees to put their Songs in Tune.

*For whilst soft Evening Gales blew o'er the Plains*

*And shook the sounding Reeds, they taught the Swains,*

*And thus the Pipe was fram'd, and tuneful Reed;*

*And whilst the Flocks did then securely feed,*

*The harmless Shepherds tun'd their Pipes to Love,*

*And Amaryllis Name fill'd every Grove.*

From all which 'tis very plain that Poetry began in those Days, when Shepherds took up their Employment: To this agrees *Donatus* in his Life of *Virgil*, and *Pontanus* in his Fifth Book of Stars, as appears by these Verses.

*Here underneath a shade by purling Springs*

*The Shepherds dance, whilst sweet Amyntas sings;*

*Thus first the new-found Pipe was tun'd to Love,*

*And Plowmen taught their Sweet-hearts to the Grove.*

Thus the *Fescennine* Jests, when they sang Harvest-home, and then too the Grape Gatherers and Reapers Songs began, an elegant Example of which we have

have in the Tenth *Idyllium* of *Theocritus*.

From this Birth, as it were, of *Poetry*, Verse began to grow up to greater Matters; for from the common Discourse of *Plowmen* and *Shepherds*, first *Comedy*, that Mistress of a Private Life, next *Tragedy*, and then *Epick Poetry*, which is lofty and *Heroical* arose, this *Maximus Tyrius* confirms in his Twenty first Dissertation, where he tells us that *Plowmen* just coming from their Work, and scarce cleansed from the filth of their Employment, did use to flurt out some sudden and *extempore* Catches; and from this beginning, Plays were produc'd, and the Stage erected: Thus much concerning the *Antiquity*, next of the *Original* of this sort.

About this, learned Men cannot agree, for who was the first Author is not sufficiently understood; *Donatus*, 'tis true, tells us 'tis proper to the Golden Age, and therefore must needs be the Product of that happy time: but who was the Author, where, what time it was first invented hath been a great Controversy, and not yet sufficiently determined. *Epicharmus*, one of *Pythagoras's* School, in his *αλκίονι*, mentions one *Diomus* a *Sicilian*, who, if we believe *Athenaus*, was the first that wrote *Pastorals*; those that fed Cattle had a peculiar kind of Poetry, call'd *Bucolicks*, of which *Dotimus* a *Sicilian* was *Inventer*.

*Diodorus Siculus* ἐν τοῖς μυθολογούμενοις, seems to make *Daphnis* the Son of *Mercury*, and a certain *Nymph* to be the Author; and agreeable to this, *Theon* an old *Scholiast* on *Theocritus*, in his Notes upon the first *Idyllium* mentioning *Daphnis*, adds, he was the Author of *Bucolicks*, and *Theocritus* himself calls him the *Muses Darling*: and to this Opinion of *Diodorus Siculus*, *Polydore Virgil* readily assents.

But *Mnaseas* of *Patara*, in a Discourse of his concerning *Europa*, speaks thus of a Son of *Pan*, the God of *Shepherds*; *Panis Filium Bubulcum a quo & Bucolice canere*. Now whether *Mnaseas* by that *Bubulcum* means only a *Herdsmen*, or one skilled in *Bucolicks*, is uncertain; but if *Valla's* Judgment be good,

good, 'tis to be taken of the latter: yet *Ælian* was of another Mind, for he boldly affirms that *Stesichorus*, called *Himeræus*, was the first; and 'in the same place adds, that *Daphnis* the Son of *Mercury* was the first Subject of *Bucolicks*.

Some ascribe the Honour to *Bacchus* the President of the *Nymphs*, *Satyrs*, and the other Country-Gods, perhaps because he delighted in the Country; and others attribute it to *Apollo*, called *Nomius*, the God of Shepherds, and that he invented it then when he served *Admetus* in *Thessaly*, and fed his Herds: For, 'tis likely he, to recreate himself, and pass away his time, applied his Mind to such Songs as were best suitable to his present Condition. Many think we owe it to *Pan* the God of Shepherds, not a few to *Diana* that extremely delighted in Solitude and Woods; and some say *Mercury* himself: Of all which whilst *Grammarians* prattle, according to their usual Custom, they egregiously trifle; they suffer themselves to be put upon by Fables, and resign their Judgment up to foolish Pretensions, but Things and solid Truth is that we seek after.

As about the Author, so concerning the place of its Birth there is a great Dispute, some say *Sparta*, others *Peloponesus*, but most are for *Sicily*.

*Valla* the *Placentine*, a curious Searcher into Antiquity, thinks this sort of Poetry first appear'd amongst the *Lacedemonians*, for when the *Persians* had wasted almost all *Greece*, the *Spartans* say that they for fear of the *Barbarians* fled into Caves and lurking Holes; and that the Country Youth then began to apply themselves in Songs to *Diana Caryatis*, together with the Maids, who amidst their Songs offer'd Flowers to the Goddess: Which Custom containing somewhat of Religion, was in those Places a long Time very scrupulously observed.

*Diomedes* the Grammarian, in his Treatise of *Measures*, declares *Sicily* to be the Place: For thus he says, the *Sicilian* Shepherds in time of a great *Pestilence*, began to invent new Ceremonies to appease incensed *Diana*, whom afterward, for affording her



help, and stopping the Plague, they called *Λύω*: i. e. the *Freer* from their Miseries. This grew into Custom, and the Shepherds used to meet in Companies, to sing their Deliverer *Diana's* Praise, and these afterwards passing into *Italy* were there named *Bucoliastæ*.

*Pomponius Sabinus* tells the Story thus: When the Hymns the Virgins us'd to sing in the Country to *Diana* were left off, because, by reason of the present Wars, the Maidens were forc'd to keep close within the Towns; the Shepherds met, and sang those kind of Songs, which are now call'd *Bucolicks*, to *Diana*; to whom they could not give the usual Worship by reason of the Wars: But *Donatus* says, that this kind of Verses was first sung to *Diana* by *Orestes*, when he wandred about *Italy*; after he fled from *Scythia Taurica*, and had taken away the Image of the Goddess, and hid it in a bundle of Sticks, whence she receiv'd the Name of *Fascelina*, or *Phacelide* *ὑπὸ τῷ φακέλῳ*; at whose Altar, the very same *Orestes* was afterward expiated by his Sister *Iphigenia*: But how can any one rely on such Fables, when the inconsiderable Authors that propose them disagree so much amongst themselves?

Some are of Opinion, that the Shepherds were wont in solemn and set Songs about the Fields and Towns to celebrate the Goddess *Pales*; and beg her to bless their Flocks and Fields with a plenteous increase, and that from hence the Name, and Composition of *Bucolicks* continued.

Other prying ingenious Men make other Conjectures, as to this mazing Controversie thus *Vossius* delivers himself; *The Ancients cannot be reconcil'd, but I rather incline to their Opinion, who think Bucolicks were invented either by the Sicilians or Peloponnesians, for both those use the Dorick Dialect, and all the Greek Bucolicks are writ in that*: As for my self I think, that what *Horace* says of *Elegies* may be apply'd to the present Subject.

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*Who wrote the first in Elegiac strain,  
Grammarians long have search'd, but search'd in }  
And undecided still their Doubts remain. (vain ;*

For I find nothing certain about this Matter, since neither *Valla*, a diligent Inquirer after, and a good Judge in such Things, nor any of the late Writers produce any Thing upon which I can safely rely: Yet what beginning this kind of Poetry had, I think I can pretty well conjecture: For 'tis likely that first Shepherds us'd Songs to recreate themselves in their leisure Hours whilst they fed their Sheep; and that each Man, as his Wit served, accommodated his Songs to his present Circumstances: To this Solitude invited, and the extream Leisure that attends that Employment absolutely requir'd it: For as their Retirement gave them Leisure, and Solitude a fit Place for Meditation, Meditation and Invention produc'd a Verse, which is nothing else but a Speech fit to be sung; and so Songs began: Thus *Hesiod* was made a Poet, for he acknowledges himself that he receiv'd his Inspiration;

*Whilst under Helicon he fed his Lambs.*

for either the leisure, or fancy of Shepherds seems to have a natural aptitude to Verse.

And indeed I cannot but agree with *Lucretius*, that accurate Searcher into Nature, who delivers that from that State of Innocence the Golden Age, Pastorals continued down to his Time, for after he had in his fifth Book describ'd that most happy Age, he adds,

*For then the Rural Muses reign'd.*

From whence 'tis very plain, that as *Donatus* himself observ'd, Pastorals were the Invention of the simplicity and innocence of that Golden Age, if



there was ever any such, or certainly of that Time which succeeded the beginning of the World; For tho' the Golden Age must be acknowledged to be only in the fabulous Times, yet 'tis certain, that the Manners of the first Men were so plain and simple, that we may easily derive both the innocent Employment of Shepherds, and Pastorals from them.



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## The SECOND PART.

### Of the Nature of PASTORALS.

**N**OW let us inquire into the Nature of *Pastoral*, in what its Excellencies consist, and how it must be made to be exact: And this must needs be a hard Task, since I have no Guide, neither *Aristotle* nor *Horace* to direct me, for both they, whatever was the Matter, speak not one Word of this sort of Verse. And I am of Opinion, that none can treat well and clearly of any kind of *Poetry*, if he hath no helps from these Two: But since they lay down some general Notions of *Poetry*, which may be useful in the present Case, I shall follow their steps as close as possible I can.

Not only *Aristotle* but *Horace* too have defin'd that *Poetry* in general is Imitation; I mention only these Two, for tho' *Plato* in his Second Book *de Republica*, and in his *Timæus*, delivers the same Thing, I shall not make use of his Authority at all: Now as *Comedy* according to *Aristotle* is the Image and Representation of a Genteel and City Life, so is *Pastoral Poetry* of a Country and Shepherd's Life; for since *Poetry* in general is Imitation; its several Species must likewise imitate, take *Aristotle's* own Words, *Cap. 1. πᾶσαι τυχάνουσιν εἶναι μιμήσεις*; and these Species are differenc'd either by the subject Matter, when the Things to be imitated are quite different, or when the Manner in which you imitate, or the mode of Imitation is so: *ἐν τρισὶ δὴ ταύταις διαφερόσιν ἢ μιμήσεις εἶναι, ἐν οἷς καὶ αὐτὸ καὶ ὡς*: Thus

tho' of *Epick Poetry* and *Tragedy* the Subject is the same, and some great illustrious Action is to be imitated by both, yet since one by Representation, and the other by plain Narration imitates, each makes a different *Species* of Imitation. And *Comedy* and *Tragedy*, tho' they agree in this, that both represent, yet because the Matter is different, and *Tragedy* must represent some brave Action, and *Comedy* a Humour; these Two sorts of Imitation are *Specifically different*. And upon the same Account, since *Pastoral* chooses the manners of Shepherds for its Imitation, it takes from its Matter a peculiar Difference, by which it is distinguish'd from all others.

But here *Benius* in his Comments upon *Aristotle* hath started a considerable Query: Which is this; Whether *Aristotle*, when he reckons up the different *Species* of Poetry, *Cap. 1.* doth include *Pastoral*, or no? And about this I find learn'd Men cannot at all agree: Which certainly *Benius* should have determin'd, or not rais'd: Some refer it to that sort which was sung to Pipes, for that *Pastorals* were so *Atuleius* intimates, when at the Marriage Feast of *Psyche* He brings in *Paniscus* singing *Bucolicks* to his Pipe: But since they did not seriously enough consider, what *Aristotle* meant by that which he calls *ἐὺανθίσμῳ*, they trifle, talk idly, and are not to be heeded in this Matter; for suppose some *Musician* should sing *Virgil's Æneis* to the Harp, (and *Ant. Lullus* says it hath been done,) should we therefore reckon that divine and incomparable Master of *Heroick Poetry* amongst the *Lyricks*?

Others with *Cassius Bassus* and *Isacius Tzetzes* hold that that Distribution of Poetry, which *Aristotle* and *Tully* hath left us, is deficient and imperfect; and that only the chief *Species* are reckoned, but the more inconsiderable not mention'd: I shall not here interest myself in that Quarrel of the *Criticks*, whether we have all *Aristotle's* Books of Poetry or no; this is a considerable Difficulty I confess, for *Laertius* who accurately weighs this Matter, says that he wrote Two Books of Poetry, the one lost, and the other

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we have, tho' *Mutinensis* is of another Mind: But to end this Dispute, I must agree with *Vossius*, who says the Philosopher comprehended these Species not expressly mentioned, under a higher and more noble Head: And that therefore *Pastoral* was contain'd in *Epick*, for these are his own Words, *besides there are Epicks of an inferiour Rank, such as the Writers of Bucolicks.* *Sincerus*, as *Minturnus* quotes him, is of the same Mind, for thus he delivers his Opinion concerning *Epick Verse*: *The Matters about which these Numbers may be employed is various, either mean and low, as in Pastorals, great and lofty, as when the Subject is Divine Things, or Heroick Actions, or of a middle Rank, as when we use them to deliver Precepts in:* And this likewise he signifies before, where he sets down Three Sorts of *Epicks*; *One of which, says he, is Divine, and the most excellent by much in all Poetry; the other the lowest but most Pure, in which Theocritus excelled, which indeed shews nothing of Poetry beside the bare Numbers:* These Points being thus settled, the remaining Difficulties will be more easily dispatched.

Foras in *Dramatick Poetry* the Dignity and Mean-ness of the *Persons* represented make two different *Species of Imitation*, the one *Tragick*, which agrees to none but great and illustrious *Persons*; the other *Comick*, which suits with common and genteel *Humours*: So in *Epick* too, there may be reckoned two sorts of *Imitation*, one of which belongs to *Heroes*, and that makes the *Heroick*; the other to *Rusticks* and *Shepherds*, and that constitutes the *Pastoral*. Now as a *Picture* imitates the Features of the Face, so *Poetry* doth *Action*, and it is not a Representation of the Person but the *Action*. From all which we may gather this Definition of *Pastoral*: *It is the Imitation of the Action of a Shepherd, or of one taken under that Character:* Thus *Virgil's Gallus*, tho' not really a *Shepherd*, for he was a Man of great quality in *Rome*, yet belongs to *Pastoral*, because he is represented like a *Shepherd*: Hence the Poet:

*The Definition of Pastoral.*

*The*



*The Goatherd and the heavy Herdsmen came,  
And kindly ask'd what rais'd the fatal Flame.*

The Scene lies amongst Shepherds, the Swains are brought in, the Herdsmen come to see his Misery, and the Fiction is suited to the real Condition of a Shepherd; the same is to be said for his *Silenus*, who tho' he seems lofty, and to sound too loud for an Oaten Reed, yet since what he sings he sings to Shepherds, and suits his Subject to their Apprehensions, his is to be acknowledged *Pastoral*. This Rule we must stick to, that we might infallibly discern what is strictly *Pastoral* in *Virgil* and *Theocritus*, and what not: For in *Theocritus* there are some more lofty Thoughts, which not having any Thing belonging to Shepherds for their Subject, must by no means be accounted *Pastoral*: But of this more in its proper Place.

My present inquiry must be what is the Subject Matter of a *Pastoral*, about which it is not easie to resolve; since neither from *Aristotle*, nor any of the Greeks who have written *Pastorals*, we can receive certain Direction. For sometimes they treat of high and sublime Things, like *Epick Poets*; what can be loftier than the whole *Seventh Idyllium* of *Bias*, in which *Myrsan* urges *Lycidas* the Shepherd to sing the Loves of *Deidamia*, and *Achilles*. For he begins from *Helen's Rape*, and goes on to the revengeful Fury of the *Atrides*, and shuts up in one *Pastoral*, all that is great and sounding in *Homer's Iliad*.

*Sparta was fir'd with Rage,  
And gather'd Greece to prosecute Revenge.*

And *Theocritus's* Verses are sometimes as sounding, and his Thoughts as high: For upon serious Consideration I cannot mind what part of all the *Heroicks* is so strong and sounding as that *Idyllium* on *Hercules*, λεωτοπονω, in which *Hercules* himself tells  
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*Phyleus*, how he kill'd the *Lyon* whose Skin he wore :  
For, not to mention many, what can be greater  
than this Expression.

*And gaping Hell receive his mighty Soul :*

Why should I instance in the *Δίοσκυροι*, which hath  
not one Line below Heroick ; the greatness of this is  
almost inexpressible.

ἀνὴρ ὑπέρπλοτ' ἐνήμερος, ἐνδιδάσκει  
θεῖος ἰδεῖν.

And some other pieces are as strong as these, such  
is the *Panegyrick on Ptolemy*, *Helen's Epithalamium*,  
and the Fight of young *Hercules* and the Snakes :  
Now how is it likely that such Subjects should be fit  
for *Pastorals*, of which in my Opinion, the same  
may be said which *Ovid* doth of his *Cydippe*?

*Cydippe*, *Homer*, doth not fit thy *Muse*.

For certainly *Pastorals* ought not to rise to the Ma-  
jesty of *Heroicks* : But who on the other side dares re-  
prehend such great and judicious Authors, whose  
very doing it, is Authority enough? What shall I  
say of *Virgil*? Who in his Sixth *Eclogue* hath put to-  
gether almost all the Particulars of the fabulous Age ;  
what is so high to which *Silenus* that Master of *My-*  
*steries* doth not soar?

*For lo ! he sung the World's stupendious Birth,*  
*How scatter'd Seeds of Sea, of Air, and Earth,*  
*And purer Fire through universal Night*  
*And empty space did fruitfully unite :*  
*From whence th' innumerable race of Things*  
*By circular successive order springs :*

And

And afterward,

*How Pyrra's Stony Race rose from the Ground,  
And Saturn reign'd with golden Plenty Crown'd!  
How bold Prometheus ( whose untam'd desire,  
Rival'd the Sun with his own Heavenly Fire )  
Now doom'd the Scythian Vultures endless Prey  
Severely pays for animating Clay.*

So true, so certain it is, that nothing is so high and lofty to which *Bucolicks* may not successfully aspire. But if this be so, what will become of *Macrobius*, *Georgius Valla*, *Fulius Scaliger*, *Vossius*, and the whole Company of Grammarians? Who all affirm that simplicity and meanness is so essential to *Pastorals*, that it ought to be confin'd to the State, Manners, Apprehension and even common Phrases of Shepherds: For nothing can be said to be *Pastoral*, which is not accommodated to their Condition: And for this Reason *Nannius Alenavitanus* in my Opinion is a Trifler, who, in his Comments on *Virgil's Eclogues*, thinks that those sorts of Composures may now and then be lofty, and treat of great Subjects: Where he likewise divides the Matter of *Bucolicks*, into *Low*, *Middle*, and *High*: And makes *Virgil* the Author of this Division, who in his *Fourth Eclogue*, ( as he imagines ) divides the matter of *Bucolicks* into Three Sorts, and intimates this Division by these Three Words: *Busbes*, *Shrubs* and *Woods*.

*Sicilian Muse begin a loftier strain,  
The Busbes and the Shrubs that shade the Plain  
Delight not all: if I to Woods repair  
My Song shall make them worth a Consul's Care.*

By *Woods*, as he fancies, *Virgil* means high and stately Trees, so He would have a great and lofty Subject to be implied, such as he designed for the  
Consul :

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*Consul* : By Bushes, which are almost even with the ground, the meanest and lowest Argument ; and by Shrubs a Subject not so high as the one, nor so low as the other, as the Thing it self is. And therefore these Lines,

*If I to Woods repair*

*My Song shall make them worth a Consul's Care.*

are thus to be understood, That if we choose high and sublime Arguments, our Work will be fit for the Patronage of a *Consul*. This is *Nannius's* Interpretation of that Place ; too pedantical and subtle I'm afraid, for it is not credible, that ever *Virgil* thought of reckoning great and lofty Things amongst the Subjects of *Bucolicks*, especially since,

*When his Thalia rais'd her bolder Voice*

*And Kings and Battles were her lofty choice,*

*Phæbus did twitch his Ear, mean thoughts infuse,*

*And with this whisper check'd th' aspiring Muse :*

*A Shepherd, Tityrus, his Sheep should feed,*

*And choose a Subject suited to his Reed.*

This certainly was a serious Admonition implied by the twitching of his Ear, and I believe if he had continued in this former Humour, and not obey'd the smarting Admonition, he had still felt it ; so far was he from thinking Kings and Battles fit Themes for a *Shepherd's* Song : And this evidently shows that in *Virgil's* Opinion, contrary to *Nannius's* Fancy, great Things cannot in the least be comprehended within the subject Matter of *Pastorals* ; no, it must be low and humble, which *Theocritus* very happily expresseth by this Word Βυκολιδόδευ, i. e. as the Interpreters explain it, *sing humble Strains*.

Therefore let *Pastoral* never venture upon a lofty Subject, let it not recede one jot from its proper Matter, but be employ'd about Rustick Affairs : Such as are mean and humble in themselves ; and such are



are the Affairs of Shepherds, especially their Loves but those must be pure and innocent; not disturb'd by vain suspicious Jealousie, nor polluted by Rapes. The Rivals must not fight, and their Emulation must be without Quarrellings: Such as *Vida* meant.

*Whilst on his Reed he Shepherds strifes conveys,  
And soft complaints in smooth Sicilian Lays.*

To these may be added, *Sports, Fests, Gifts, and Presents*; but not *costly*, such are yellow Apples, young Stock-Doves, Milk, Flowers, and the like: all things must appear delightful and easie, nothing vicious and rough: A perfidious Pimp, a designing Jilt, a griping Usurer, a crafty factious Servant must have no room there, but every part must be full of the simplicity of the *Golden Age*, and of that *Cadmus* which was then eminent: For as *Juvenal* affirms,

*Baseness was wonderful in that good Age.*

Sometimes *Funeral-Rites* are the Subject of an *Elogue*, where the Shepherds scatter Flowers on the Tomb, and sing Rustick Songs in Honour of the Dead: Examples of this kind are left us by *Virgil* in his *Daphnis*, and *Bion* in his *Adonis*, and this hath nothing disagreeable to a Shepherd: In short, whatever, (the Decorum being still preserv'd) can be done by a *Shepherd*, may be the Subject of a *Pastoral*.

Now there may be more kinds of Subjects than *Servius* or *Donatus* allow, for they confine us to the Number which *Virgil* hath made use of, tho' *Martial* in his second Book *de Poeta* declares against this Opinion: But as a glorious *Heroick Action* must be the Subject of an *Heroick Poem*, so a *Pastoral Action* of a *Pastoral*; at least it must be so turn'd and wrought, that it might appear to be the Action of a *Shepherd*; which Caution is very necessary to be observ'd.



observ'd, to clear a great many Difficulties in this Matter? For tho' as the Interpreters assure us, most of *Virgil's* Eclogues are about the Civil War, planting Colonies, the Murder of the Emperour, and the like, which in themselves are too great and too lofty for humble *Pastoral* to reach, yet because they are accommodated to the Genius of Shepherds, may be the Subject of an *Eclogue*, for that sometimes will admit of Gods and Heroes, so they appear like, and are shrouded under the Persons of Shepherds: But as for these Matters which neither really are, nor are so wrought as to seem the Actions of Shepherds, such are in *Moschus's Europa*, *Theocritus's Epithalamium of Helen*, and *Virgil's Pollio*; to declare my Opinion freely, I cannot think them to be fit Subjects for *Bucolicks*: And upon this Account I suppose it is that *Servius* in his Comments on *Virgil's Bucolicks* reckons only seven of *Virgil's* ten Eclogues, and only ten of *Theocritus's* thirty, to be pure Pastorals; and *Salmasius* upon *Solinus* says, that amongst *Theocritus's Poems* there are some which you may call what you please beside Pastorals: And *Heinsius* in his *Scholia* upon *Theocritus* will allow but Ten of his *Idylliums* to be *Bucolicks*, 1. 2. 3. 4. 5. 6. 7. 8. 9. 11. for all the rest are deficient either in Matter or Form, and from this number of pure Pastoral *Idylliums* I am apt to think, that *Theocritus* seems to have made that Pipe, on which he tun'd his *Pastorals*, and which he consecrated to *Pan*, of ten Reeds, as *Salmasius* in his Notes on *Theocritus's* Pipe hath learnedly observ'd: In which two Verses always make one Reed of the Pipe, therefore all are so unequal, like the unequal Reeds of a Pipe, that if you put two Equals together, which make one Reed, the whole inequality consists in ten Pairs; when in the common Pipes there were usually no more than seven Reeds, and this the less curious Observers have heedlessly past by.

Some are of Opinion that whatever is done in the Country, and, in one Word, every Thing that hath thought of the City in it, may be treated of in *Pastorals*; and that the Discourse of Fishers, Plowmen, D Reapers,

Reapers, Hunters, and the like, belong to this kind of Poetry: Which according to the Rule that I have laid down cannot be true, for as I before hinted, nothing but the Action of a Shepherd can be the Subject of a Pastoral.

I shall not here enquire, tho' it may seem proper, whether we can decently bring into an Eclogue Reapers, Vine-dressers, Gardeners, Fowlers, Hunters, Fishers, or the like, whose Lives for the most part are taken up with too much Business and Employment to have any vacant Time for Songs, and idle Chat, which are more agreeable to the leisure of a Shepherd's Life: For in a great many Rustick Affairs, either the Hardship and painful Labour will not admit a Song, as in Plowing; or the Solitude, as in Hunting, Fishing, Fowling, and the like; but of this I shall discourse more largely in another place.

Now it is not sufficient to make a Poem a true *Pastoral*, that the Subject of it is the Action of a Shepherd, for in *Hesiod's* *ἑργα*, and *Virgil's* *Georgicks*, there are a great many Things that belong to the Employment of a Shepherd, yet none fancy they are *Pastorals*; from whence 'tis evident, that beside the *Matter*, which we have defin'd to be the Action of a Shepherd, there is a peculiar *Form* proper to this kind of Poetry, by which 'tis distinguish'd from all others.

Of Poetry in General: *Socrates*, as *Plato* tells us, would have *Fable* to be the *Form*: *Aristotle*, Imitation: I shall not dispute what Difference there is between these Two, but only inquire whether Imitation be the *Form* of *Pastoral*: It is certain that *Epick* Poetry is differenc'd from *Tragick* only by the manner of Imitation, for the latter imitates by *Action*, and the former by bare *Narration*: But *Pastoral* is the Imitation of a *Pastoral* Action either by bare *Narration*, as in *Virgil's* *Alexis*, and *Theocritus's* 7th *Idyllium*, in which the Poet speaks all along in his own Person: Or by *Action*, as in *Virgil's* *Tityrus*, and the first of *Theocritus*, or by both mixt, as in the Second and Eleventh *Idylliums*, in which the Poet partly speaks in his own Person, and partly makes o-

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thers speak, and I think the old *Scholias*t on *Theocritus* took an hint from these when he says, that Pastoral is a mixture made up of all sorts, for it is Narrative, Dramatick, and mixt; and *Aristotle*, tho' obscurely, seems to hint in those Words, *In every one of the mentioned Arts there is Imitation, in some simple, in some mixt*; now this latter being peculiar to *Bucolicks*, makes its very Form and Essence: And therefore *Scaliger*, in the 4th Chapter of his first Book of Poetry, reckons up three Species of *Pastorals*, the first hath but one Person, the second several, which sing alternately; the third is mixt of both the other: And the same Observation is made by *Heinsius* in his Notes on *Theocritus*, for thus he speaks very plainly to our Purpose, *the Character of Bucolicks is a mixture of all sorts of Characters, Dramatick, Narrative, or mixt*: From all which it is very manifest that the manner of Imitation which is proper to *Pastorals* is the mixt: For in other kinds of Poetry it is one and simple, at least not so manifold; as in *Tragedy*, *Action*: In *Epick* Poetry, *Narration*.

Now I shall explain what sort of *Fable*; *Manners*, *Thought*, *Expression*, which four are necessary to constitute every kind of Poetry, are proper to this sort.

Concerning the *Fable* which *Aristotle* calls, *σύνθεσις τῶν πραγμάτων*,

I have but one thing to say: This, as the Philosopher hints, as of all other sorts of Poetry, so of Pastoral, is the very Soul: And therefore *Socrates* in *Plato* says, that in those Verses which he had made there was nothing wanting but the *Fable*: Therefore Pastorals, as other kinds of Poetry, must have their Fable, if they will be Poetry: Thus in *Virgil's Silenus*, which contains the Stories of almost the whole Fabulous Age, two Shepherds whom *Silenus* had often promis'd a Song, and as often deceiv'd, seize upon him, being drunk and asleep, and bind him with wreath'd Flowers: *Egle* comes in and encourages the timorous Youths, and stains his jolly red Face with Black-berries: *Silenus* laughs at their innocent Contrivance, and desires to be unbound, and then with a preme-



ditated Song satisfies the Nymphs and Boys Curiosity; the incomparable Poet sings wonders, the Rocks rejoice, the Vales eccho, and happy *Eurotas*, as if *Phæbus* himself sang, hears all, and bids the Laurels that grow upon his Banks listen to, and learn the Song.

*Happy Eurotas as he flow'd along*

*Heard all, and bad the Laurels learn the Song.*

Thus every Eclogue or Idyllium must have its Fable, which must be the ground-work of the whole Design, but it must not be perplex'd with sudden and unlook'd for changes, as in *Marinus's Adonis*: For that, tho' the Fable be of a Shepherd, yet by reason of the strange Bombast under Plots, and wonderful Occurrences, cannot be accounted *Pastoral*; for that it might be agreeable to the Person it treats of, it must be plain and simple, such as *Sophocles's Ajax*, in which there is not so much as one change of Fortune.

As for the Manners, let that Precept, which *Horace* lays down in his Epistle to the *Pisones*, be principally observed.

*Let each be grac'd with that which suits him best.*

For this, as it is a Rule relating to Poetry in general, so it respects this kind also of which we are treating; and against this *Tasso* in his *Amyntas*, *Bonarellus* in his *Phyllis*, *Guarinus* in his *Pastor Fido*, *Marinus* in his *Idylliums*, and most of the *Italians* grievously offend, for they make their *Shepherds* too polite, and elegant, and cloath them with all the neatness of the Town, and Complement of the Court, which tho' it may seem very pretty, yet amongst good Criticks, let *Veratus* say what he will in their Excuse, it cannot be allowed: For it is against *Minturnus's* Opinion, who in his second Book *de Poetâ* says thus: *Mean Persons are brought in, those in Comedy indeed more polite, those in Pastorals more unelegant, as suppos'd to lead a rude Life in Solitude*; and *Jason Denor* a Doctor of *Padua* takes notice of the

same



same as a very absurd Error. *Aristotle* heretofore for a like Fault reprehended the *Megarensians*, who observed no *Decorum* in their *Theatre*, but brought in mean Persons with a Train fit for a *King*, and cloath'd a Cobler or a Tinker in a Purple Robe: In vain doth *Veratus* in his Dispute against *Jason Denor*, to defend those elaborately exquisite Discourses, and notable sublime Sentences of his *Pastor Fido*, bring some lofty *Idylliums* of *Theocritus*, for those are not acknowledged to be Pastoral; *Theocritus* and *Virgil* must be consulted in this Matter, the former designedly makes his Shepherd's Discourse in the *Dorick*, i. e. the Rustick Dialect, sometimes scarce true Grammar; and the other studiously affects Ignorance in the Persons of his Shepherds, as *Servius* hath observ'd, and is evident in *Melibæus*, who makes *Oaxes* to be a River in *Crete*, when 'tis in *Mesopotamia*; and both of them take this way, that the Manners may the more exactly suit with the Persons they represent, who of themselves are rude and unpolish'd. And this proves that they scandalously err, who make their Shepherds appear polite and elegant, nor can I imagine what *Veratus* who makes so much ado about the polite Manners of the *Arcadian* Shepherds, would say to *Polybius*, who tells us that the *Arcadians*, by reason of the Mountainousness of the Country, and Hardness of the Weather, are very unfociable and austere.

Now as too much Neatness in *Pastoral* is not to be allow'd, so Rusticity (I do not mean that which *Plato* in his Third Book of a Common-wealth, mentions, which is but a part of a down-right Honesty) but clownish Stupidity, such as *Theophrastus*, in his Character of a *Rustick*, describes; or that disagreeable unfashionable Roughness which *Horace* mentions in his Epistle to *Lollius*, must not in my Opinion be endur'd. On this side *Mantuan* errs extreemly, and is intolerably absurd, who makes Shepherds blockishly sottish, and insufferably rude. And a certain Interpreter blames *Theocritus* for the same thing, who in some Mens Opinion sometimes keeps too

close to the *Clown*, and is rustick and uncouth ; but his may be very well excus'd, because the Age in which he sang was not as polite as now.

But that every part may be suitable to a Shepherd, we must consult unstain'd, uncorrupted Nature ; so that the Manners might not be too Clownish nor too Courtly : And this Mean may be easily observed, if the Manners of our Shepherds be represented according to the *Genius* of the *Golden Age*, in which, if *Guarinius* may be believ'd, every Man follow'd that Employment. And *Nannius* in the Preface to his Comments on *Virgil's Bucolicks*, is of the same Opinion, for he requires that the Manners might represent the Golden Age : And this was the Reason that *Virgil* himself in his *Pollio* describes that Age, which he knew very well was proper to *Bucolicks* : For in the whole Course of a Shepherd's Life, there can be no form more excellent than that which was the Practice of the Golden Age ; and this may serve to moderate and temper the Affections that must be express'd in this sort of Poetry, and sufficiently declare the whole Essence of it, which in short must be taken from the Nature of a Shepherd's Life, to which a Courtly Dress is not agreeable.

That the Thought may be commendable, it must be suitable to the *Manners* ; as those must be plain and pure that must be so too : nor must contain any deep, exquisite, or elaborate Fancies. And again, this the *Italians* offend, who continually hunt after smart witty Sayings, very foolishly in my Opinion ; for in the Country, where all things should be full of Plainness and Simplicity, who would paint or endeavour to be gaudy, when such Appearances would be very disagreeable, and offend ? *Pontanus* in this matter hath said very well, *The Thought must not be too exquisite and witty, the Comparisons obvious and common, such as the State of Persons and Things require* : Yet tho' too scrupulous a Curiosity in Ornament ought to be rejected, yet lest the Thought be cold and flat, it must have some Quickness of Passion, as in these ;

*Cruel*

*Cruel Alexis can't my Verses move ?*

*Hast thou no Pitty ? I must die for Love.*

And again,

*He neither Gods, nor yet my Verse regards.*

The Sense must not be long, copious, and continued, for *Pastoral* is weak, and not able to hold out ; but of this more when I come to lay down Rules for its Composition : But tho' it ought to imitate *Comedy* in its common way of Discourse, yet it must not chuse *old Comedy* for its Pattern, for that is too impudent, and licentious and abusive. Let it be free and modest, honest and ingenuous, and that will make it agreeable to the Golden Age.

Let the Expression be plain and easy, but elegant and neat, and the purest which the Language will afford ; *Pontanus* upon *Virgil's Bucolicks* gives the very same Rule. In *Bucolicks* the Expression must be humble, nearer common Discourse than otherwise, not very spirituous and vivid, yet such as shows Life and Strength : 'Tis certain that *Virgil* in his *Bucolicks* useth the same Words which *Tully* did in the Forum or the Senate : and *Tityrus* beneath his shady Beech speaks as pure and good *Latin* as *Augustus* in his Palace, as *Modicius* in his *Apology* for *Virgil* hath excellently observ'd. This Rule, it is true, *Theocritus* hath not so strictly follow'd, whose Rustick and Pastoral Muse, as *Quintilian* phraseth it, not only is afraid to appear in the Forum, but the City : and for the very same thing an *Alexandrian* flouts the *Syracusan Women* in the Fifteenth *Idyllium* of *Theocritus* ; for when they, being then in the City, spoke the Dorick Dialect, the delicate Citizen could not endure it, and found fault with their distastful, as he thought, Pronunciation : and his Reflection was very smart.

Like



*Like Pidgeons you have Mouths from Ear to Ear.*

So intolerable did that broad way of Pronunciation, tho' exactly fit for a Clown's Discourse, seem to a Citizen. And hence *Probus* observes, that it was much harder for the *Latines* to write *Pastorals*, than for the *Greeks*; because the *Latines* had not some *Dialects* peculiar to the Country, and others to the City, as the *Greeks* had; besides, the *Latin Language*, as *Quintilian* hath observed, is not capable of the Neatness which is necessary to *Bucolicks*, no, that is the peculiar Privilege of the *Greeks*. *We cannot*, says he, *be so low, they exceed us in Subtilty, and in Propriety they are at more Certainty than we.* And again, *in pat and close Expressions we cannot reach the Greeks*. And, if we believe *Tully*, *Greek is much more fit for Ornament than Latin*, for it hath much more of that Neatness, and ravishing Delightfulness, which *Bucolicks* necessarily require.

Yet of Pastoral, with whose Nature we are not very well acquainted, what that *Form* is which the *Greeks* call the *Character*, is not very easy to determine; yet that we may come to some Certainty, we must stick to our former Observation, viz. that *Pastoral* belongs properly to the *Golden Age*. For as *Tully* in his Treatise *de Oratore* says, *In all our Disputes the Subject is to be measur'd by the most perfect of that kind*, and *Synesius* in his *Encomium on Baldness* hints the very same, when he tells us that Poetry fashions its Subject as Men imagine it should be, and not as really it is: *πρὸς δόξαν, ἢ πρὸς ἀλήθειαν*: Now the Life of a Shepherd, that it might be rais'd to the highest Perfection, is to be referr'd to the Manners and Age of the World whilst yet innocent, and such as the Fables have describ'd it: And as Simplicity was the principal Virtue of that Age, so it ought to be the peculiar Grace, and as it were *Character* of *Bucolicks*; in which the Fable, Manners, Thought, and Expression ought to be full of the most innocent Simplicity imaginable: for as Innocence in Life, so

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## Part II. *upon PASTORALS.*

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Purity and Simplicity in Discourse was the Glory of that Age. So as Gravity to *Epicks*, Sweetness to *Lyricks*, Humour to *Comedy*, Softness to *Elegies*, and Smartness to *Epigrams*, so Simplicity to *Pastorals* is proper; and one upon *Theocritus* says, *That the Idea of his Bucolicks is in every part pure, and in all that belongs to Simplicity very happy.* Such is this of *Virgil*, *Unwholsome to us Singers is the shade*

*Of Juniper, 'tis an unwholsome Shade.*

Than which in my Opinion nothing can be more simply, nothing more rustically said; and this is the Reason I suppose why *Macrobius* says that this kind of Poetry is creeping and upon mean Subjects: and why too *Virgil's Tityrus* lying under his shady Beech displeaseth some; excellent Criticks indeed, whom I wish a little more Sense, that they might not really be, what they would not seem to be, *Ridiculous*: *Theocritus* excels *Virgil* in this, of whom *Modicius* says, *Theocritus deserves the greatest Commendation for his happy Imitation of the Simplicity of his Shepherds*: *Virgil* hath mix'd *Allegories*, and some other things which contain too much Learning, and deepness of Thought for Persons of so mean a Quality: Yet here I must obviate their Mistake, who fancy that this sort of Poetry, because in it self low and simple, is the proper Work of mean Wits, and not the sublime and excellent Perfections: For as I think there can be nothing more elegant than easy naked Simplicity, so likewise nothing can require more Strength of Wit, and greater Pains; and he must be of a great and clear Judgment, who attempts *Pastoral*, and comes off with Honour: For there is no part of Poetry that requires more Spirit, for if any part is not close and well compacted the whole Fabrick will be ruin'd, and the Matter, in it self humble, must creep; unless it is held up by the Strength and Vigour of the Expression.

Another Qualification and Excellence of *Pastoral* is to imitate *Timanthes's* Art, of whom *Pliny* writes thus;

thus ; *Timanthes* was very ingenious, in all his Pieces more was to be understood than the Colours express'd, and tho' his Art was very extraordinary, yet his Fancy exceeded it. In this *Virgil* is peculiarly happy, but others, especially raw unexperienced Writers, if they are to describe a Rainbow, or a River, pour out their whole Stock, and are unable to contain. Now it is properly requisite to a Pastoral that there should be a great deal couch'd in a few Words, and every thing it says, should be so short, and so close, as if its chiefest Excellence was to be sparing in Expression: such is that of *Virgil*;

*These Fields and Corn shall a Barbarian share :*

*See the Effects of all our Civil War.*

How short is that ? how concise ? and yet how full of Sense : In the same *Eclogue*,

*I wonder'd why all thy Complaints were made,  
Absent was Tityrus :*

And the like you may every where meet with,  
as,

*Mopsus weds Nisa, what may'nt Lovers hope ?*

And in the second *Eclogue*.

*Whom dost thou fly, ah Frantick ! oft the Woods  
Hold Gods, and Paris equal to the Gods.*

This Grace *Virgil* learn'd from *Theocritus*, almost all whose Periods ; especially in the Third *Idyllium*, have no Conjunction to connect them, that the Sense might be more close, and the Affection vehement and strong : as in this,

*Let all things change, let Pears the Firs adorn  
Now Daphnis dies.*

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And in the third *Eclogue*.

*But when she saw, how great was the Surprize ! &c.*

And any one may find a great many of the like in *Theocritus* and *Virgil*, if with a leifurely Delight he nicely examines their delicate Composures: And this I account the greatest Grace in *Pastorals*, which in my Opinion those that write *Pastorals* do not sufficiently observe. 'Tis true, ours (the *French*) and the *Italian* Language is too babbling to endure it; this is the Rock, on which those that write *Pastorals* in their *Mother* Tongue are usually split, but the *Italians* are inevitably lost; who having store of *Wit*, a very subtle Invention and flowing Fancy, cannot contain; every thing that comes into their Mind must be poured out, nor are they able to endure the least Restraint; as is evident from *Marinus's Idylliums*, and a great many of that Nation who have ventur'd on such Composures: For unless there are many Stops and Breakings off in the Series of a *Pastoral*, it can neither be pleasing nor artificial: And in my Opinion *Virgil* excells *Theocritus* in this, for *Virgil* is neither so continued, nor so long as *Theocritus*, who indulges too much the Garrulity of his *Greek*; nay, even in those things which he expresseth he is more close, and more cautiously conceals that part which ought to be dissembled: And this I am sure is a most admirable part of Eloquence; as *Tully* in his Epistle to *Atticus* says, 'Tis rare to speak eloquently, but more rare to be eloquently silent. And this unskilful Criticks are not acquainted with, and therefore are wont oftner to find fault with that which is not fitly express'd, than commend that which is prudently conceal'd. I could heap up a great many more things to this purpose, but I see no need of such a Trouble, since no Man can rationally doubt of the Goodness of my Observation: Therefore, in short, let him that writes *Pastorals* think  
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Brevity, if it doth not obscure his Sense, to be the greatest Grace which he can attain.

Now why *Bucolicks* should require such Brevity, and be so essentially sparing in *Expression*, I see no other Reason but this; it loves *Simplicity* so much, that it must be averse to that Pomp and Ostentation which *Epick* Poetry must show, for that must be copious and flowing, in every part smooth and equal to itself: But *Pastoral* must dissemble, and hide even that which it would show, like *Damon's Galatea*, who flies then when she most desires to be discovered.

*And to the Bushes flies, yet would be seen.*

And this doth not proceed from any malicious ill-natur'd Coyness, as some imagine, but from an ingenuous Modesty and Bashfulness, which usually accompanies, and is a Proof of *Simplicity*. 'Tis very rare, says *Pliny*, to find a Man so exquisitely skilful as to be able to show those Features in a Picture which he hides; and I think it to be so difficult a Task, that none but the most excellent Wits can attempt it with Success: For small Wits usually abound with a multitude of Words.

The Third Grace of *Bucolicks* is *Neatness*, which contains all the taking Prettiness and Sweetness of *Expression*, and whatsoever is call'd the Delicacy of the more delightful and pleasing *Muses*. This the Rural *Muses* bestow'd on *Virgil*, as *Horace* in the tenth *Satire* of his first Book says,

*And Virgil's happy Muse in Eclogues plays,  
Soft and facetious;*

Which *Fabius* takes to signify the most taking Neatness, and most exquisite Elegance imaginable: For thus he explains this place, in which he agrees with *Tully*, who in his Third Book de *Oratore*, says, the *Atticks* are facetious, i. e. elegant. Tho' the common Interpreters of these Words are not of the same mind.



mind : But if by *facetious*, *Horace* had meant *jesting*, and such as is design'd to make Men laugh, and apply'd that to *Virgil*, nothing could have been more ridiculous ; it is the Design of *Comedy* to raise Laughter, but *Eclogue* should only delight, and charm by its taking *Prettiness*. All ravishing *Delicacies* of Thought, all Sweetness of Expression, all that Salt from which *Venus*, as the Poets fable, rose, are so essential to this kind of *Poetry*, that it cannot endure any thing that is scurrilous, maliciously biting, or ridiculous. There must be nothing in it but *Honey*, *Milk*, *Roses*, *Violets*, and the like Sweetness, so that when you read you might think that you are in *Adonis's* Gardens, as the *Greeks* speak, *i. e.* in the most pleasant place imaginable : For since the Subject of *Eclogue* must be mean and unsurprizing, unless it maintains Purity and Neatness of Expression, it cannot please.

Therefore it must do as *Tully* says his Friend *Atticus* did, who entertaining his Acquaintance with Leeks and Onions, pleas'd them all very well, because he had them serv'd up in wicker Chargers, and clean Baskets ; so let an *Eclogue* serve up its Fruits and Flowers with some, tho' no costly Imbellishment, such as may answer to the wicker Chargers, and Baskets ; which may be provided at a cheap rate, and are agreeable to the Country : yet (and this Rule if you aim at exact Simplicity, can never be too nicely observ'd) you must most carefully avoid all Paint and Gawdiness of Expression, and (which of all sorts of Elegancies is the most difficult to be avoided) you must take the greatest Care that no scrupulous Trimness, or artificial Fineness appear. For, as *Quintilian* teaches, in some Cases *Diligence and Care are most troublesomely perverse* ; and when things are most sweet they are next to loathsome, and many times degenerate : Therefore as in Women, a careless Dress becomes some extreamly ; Thus *Pastoral*, that it might not be uncomely, ought sometimes to be negligent, or the finest of its Ornaments ought not to appear and lie open to every Body's

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View : so that it ought to affect a studied Carelessness, and design'd Negligence : And that this may be all Gawdinefs of Dress, such as Paint and Curls, all artificial Shining is to be despis'd, but in the mean time care must be taken that the Expression be bright and simply clean, not filthy and disgustful, but such as is varnish'd with Wit and Fancy. Now to perfect this, *Nature* is chiefly to be look'd upon (for nothing that is disagreeable to *Nature* can please) yet that will hardly prevail naked by it self, and without the polishing of Art.

Then there are Three things, in which, as in its parts, the whole *Character* of a *Pastoral* is contain'd ; *Simplicity* of Thought and Expression ; *Shortness* of Periods, full of Sense and Spirit ; and the *Delicacy* of a most elegant ravishing unaffected Neatness.

Next I will enquire into the *Efficient*, and then into the *Final Cause* of *Pastorals*.

*Aristotle* assigns two efficient Causes of *Poetry*, the natural Desire of Imitation in Man, whom he calls the most imitative Creature ; and Pleasure consequent to that Imitation ; which indeed are the remote Causes, but the *immediate* are *Art* and *Nature*. Now according to the Differences of *Genius*'s, several *Species* of *Poetry* have been introduc'd. For as the *Philosopher* hath observ'd, (*δυσπαθὴν κατὰ οὐκ ἐκείνην ἢ πῶς ἂν*) Thus those that were lofty imitated great and illustrious ; those that were low spirited and groveling, mean Actions ; and every one according to the various Inclination of his *Nature*, follow'd this or that sort of *Poetry*. This the *Philosopher* expressly affirms ; and *Dio Chrysostomus* says of *Homer*, that he received from the Gods a *Nature* fit for all sorts of Verse ; but this is an Happiness which none partake, but as he in the same Place intimates, God-like Minds.

Not to mention other kinds of *Poetry*, what particular *Genius* is requir'd to *Pastoral*, I think, is evident from the foregoing Discourse, for as every part of it ought to be full of simple and inartificial Neatness, so it requires a Wit naturally neat and

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pleasant, born to delight and ravish, which are the Qualifications certainly of a great and most excellent Nature: For whatsoever in any kind is delicate and elegant, that is usually most excellent: And such a *Genius* that hath a Sprightfulness of Nature, and is well instructed by the Rules of Art, is fit to attempt *Pastorals*.

Of the End of Pastorals it is not so easy to give an Account: For as to the end of Poetry in general; the Enemies of Poets run out into a large common Place, and loudly tell us that Poetry is frivolous and unprofitable. Excellent Men that love *Profit* perchance, but have no regard for *Honesty* and *Goodness*; who do not know that all excellent *Arts* sprang from *Poetry* at first.

*Which what is honest, base, or just, or good,  
Better than Crantor, or Chrysippus shew'd.*

For it is *Poetry*, that like a chaste unsported Virgin, shews Men the way, and the Means to live happily, who afterwards are deprav'd by the immodest Precepts of vitiated and impudent *Philosophy*. For every body knows, that the *Epick* sets before us the highest Example of the bravest Man; the *Tragedian* regulates the Affections of the Mind; the *Lyrick* reforms Manners, or sings the Praises of Gods and Heroes; so that there's no part of *Poetry* but hath its proper End, and Profits.

But grant all this true, *Pastoral* can make no such Pretence. If you sing a *Hero*, you excite Mens Minds to imitate his Actions, and notable Exploits; but how can *Bucolicks* apply these or the like Advantages to it self? *He that reads Heroick Poems, learns what is the Virtue of a Hero, and wishes to be like him; but he that reads Pastorals, neither learns how to feed Sheep, nor wishes himself a Shepherd.* And a great deal more to this purpose you may see in *Modicius*, as *Pontanus* cites him in his Notes on *Virgil's Eclogues*.



But when it is the End of *Comedy*, as *Jerom* in his *Epistle to Furia* says, to know the Humours of Men, and to describe them; and *Demea* in *Terence* intimates the same thing;

*To look on all Mens Lives as in a Glass,  
And take from those Examples for our Own.*

so that our Humours and Conversations may be better'd and improv'd; why may not *Pastoral* be allow'd the same Privilege, and be admitted to regulate and improve a *Shepherd's Life* by its *Bucolicks*? For since it is a Product of the Golden Age, it will shew the most innocent Manners of the most ancient Simplicity, how plain and honest, and how free from all Varnish, and Deceit, to more degenerate, and worse times. And certainly for this it is commendable in its kind, since its Design in drawing the Image of a Country and Shepherd's Life, is to teach Honesty, Candor, and Simplicity, which are the Virtues of private Men; as *Epicks* teach the highest Fortitude, and Prudence, and Conduct, which are the Virtues of *Generals*, and *Kings*. And it is necessary to Government, that as there is one kind of *Poetry* to instruct the *Citizens*, there should be another to fashion the Manners of the *Rusticks*; which if *Pastoral*, as it does, did not do, yet would it not be altogether frivolous, and idle, since by its taking Prettinesses it can delight, and please. It can scarcely be imagin'd, how much the most flourishing times of the *Roman Common-wealth*, in which *Virgil* wrote, grew better and brisker by the use of *Pastoral*; with it were *Augustus*, *Mecenas*, *Asinius Pollio*, *Alphenus Varus*, *Cornelius Gallus*, the most admired Wits of that happy Age, wonderfully pleas'd; for whatever is sweet and ravishing, is contain'd in this sweetest kind of Poetry. But if we must slight every thing, from which no Profit is to be hop'd, all Pleasures of the Eye and Ear are presently to be laid aside; and those excellent Arts, *Musick*, and *Painting*, with which

which the best Men use to be delighted, are presently to be left off. Nor is it indeed credible, that so many excellent Wits, as have devoted themselves to Poetry, would ever have meddled with it, if it had been so empty, idle, and frivolous, as some ridiculously morose imagine; who forsooth are better pleas'd with the Severity of *Philosophy*, and her harsh, deform'd Impropriety of Expressions. But the Judgments of such Men are the most contemptible in the World; for when by *Poetry* Mens Minds are fashioned to generous Humours, Kindness, and the like; those must needs be Strangers to all those good Qualities, who hate, or proclaim *Poetry* to be frivolous, and useless.





## The THIRD PART.

### *Rules for writing PASTORALS.*

**I**N delivering Rules for writing *Pastorals*, I shall not point to the *Streams*, which to look after argues a small creeping *Genius*, but lead you to the *Fountains*. But first I must tell you, how difficult it is to write *Pastorals*, which many seem not sufficiently to understand : For since its Matter is low and humble, it seems to have nothing that is troublesome, and difficult. But this is a great Mistake, for as *Horace* says of *Comedy* ; “ It is by so much the more difficult, “ by how much the less pardonable are the Mistakes “ committed in its Composition. And the same is to be thought of every thing, whose End is to please, and delight. For whatsoever is contriv’d for Pleasure, and not necessarily requir’d, unless it be exquisite, must be nauseous, and distastful ; as at a Supper, scraping Musick, thick Ointment, or the like, because the Entertainment might have been without all these. For the sweetest Things, and most delicious, are most apt to satiate ; for tho’ the Sense may sometimes be pleas’d, yet it presently disgusts that which is luscious, and, as *Lucretius* phraseth it,

*E’en in the midst and fury of the Joys,  
Something that’s better riseth, and destroys.*

Beside,



Beside, since *Pastoral* is of that Nature, that it cannot endure too much Negligence, nor too scrupulous Diligence, it must be very difficult to be compos'd, especially since the Expression must be neat, but not too exquisite, and fine: It must have a simple native Beauty, but not too mean; it must have all sorts of Delicacies, and surprizing Fancies, yet not be flowing, and luxuriant. And certainly, to hit all these Excellencies is difficult enough, since Wit, whose Nature it is to pour it self forth, must rather be restrain'd than indulg'd; and that force of the Mind, which of it self is so ready to run on, must be check'd, and bridled: Which cannot be easily perform'd by any, but those who have a very good Judgment, and practically skill'd in Arts, and Sciences: And lastly, a neat, and as it were a happy Wit; not that curious sort, I mean, which *Petronius* allows *Horace*, lest too much *Art* should take off the Beauty of the *Simplicity*. And therefore I would not have any one undertake this Task, that is not very polite by *Nature*, and very much at leisure. For what is more hard than to be always in the Country, and yet never to be *Clownish*? To sing of mean, and trivial Matters, yet not *trivially*, and *meanly*? To pipe on a *slender Reed*, and yet keep the Sound from being *harsh*, and *squeaking*? To make every thing *sweet*, yet never *fatiate*? And this I thought necessary to premise, in order to the better laying down of such Rules as I design. For the naked *simplicity* both of the Matter and Expression of a *Pastoral*, upon bare Contemplation, might seem easily to be hit, but upon Trial 'twill be found a very hard Task: Nor was the Difficulty to be dissembled, lest *Ignorance* should betray some into a rash Attempt. Now I must come to the very Rules; for as nothing excellent can be brought to Perfection without *Nature*, (for Art unassisted by that, is vain, and ineffectual,) so there is no *Nature* so excellent, and happy, which by its own Strength, and without *Art* and *Use* can make any thing excellent, and great.

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Beside,

But it is hard to give *Rules* for that, for which there have been none already given; for where there are no Footsteps nor Path to direct, I cannot tell how any one can be certain of his Way. Yet in this difficulty, I will follow *Aristotle's* Example, who being to lay down Rules concerning *Epicks*, propos'd *Homer* as a Pattern, from whom he deduc'd the whole Art: So I will gather from *Theocritus* and *Virgil*, those Fathers of *Pastoral*, what I shall deliver on this Account. For all the Rules that are to be given of any Art, are to be given of it as excellent, and perfect, and therefore ought to be taken from them in whom it is so.

The first Rule shall be about the *Matter*, which is either the *Action* of a *Shepherd*, or contriv'd and fitted to the *Genius* of a *Shepherd*; for tho' *Pastoral* is simple, and bashful, yet it will entertain lofty Subjects, if it can be permitted to turn and fashion them to its own proper Circumstances, and Humour: Which tho' *Theocritus* hath never done, but kept close to *Pastoral* simplicity, yet *Virgil* hath happily attempted; of whom almost the same Character might be given, which *Quintilian* bestow'd on *Sithichorus*, who with his Harp bore up the most weighty Subjects of *Epick Poery*; for *Virgil* sang great and lofty Things to his Oaten Reed, but yet suited to the Humour of a *Shepherd*, for every thing that is not agreeable to that, cannot belong to *Pastoral*: Of its own Nature it cannot treat of lofty and great Matters.

Therefore let *Pastoral* be smooth and soft, not noisy and bombast; lest whilst it raiseth its Voice, and opens its Mouth, it meet with the same fate that, they say, an *Italian Shepherd* did, who having a very large Mouth, and a very strong Breath, brake his Pipe as often as he blow'd it. This is a great Fault in one that writes *Pastorals*: For if his Words are too sounding, or his Sense too strong, he must be absurd, because indecently loud. And this is not the Rule of an unskilful impertinent Adviser, but rather of a very excellent Master in this Art; for *Phæbus*

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Part III. *upon* PASTORALS.

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twicht *Virgil* by the Ear, and warn'd him to forbear great Subjects: But if it ventures upon such, it may be allow'd to use some short *Invocations*, and, as *E-picks* do, modestly implore the Assistance of a Muse. This *Virgil* doth in his *Pollio*, which is a Composure of an unusual loftiness;

*Sicilian Muse begin a loftier strain.*

So he invokes *Arethusa*, when *Cornelius Gallus*, *Proconsul of Egypt*, and his *Amours*, Matters above the common reach of *Pastoral*, are his Subject.

*One Labour more O Arethusa yield.*

Why he makes his Application to *Arethusa* is easie to conjecture, for she was a *Nymph* of *Sicily*, and so he might hope that she could inspire him with a *Genius* fit for *Pastorals*, which first began in that *Island*, thus in the seventh and eighth *Eclogue*, as the Matter would bear, he invokes the *Nymphs* and *Muses*: And *Theocritus* does the same,

*Tell Goddess, you can tell.*

From whence it is evident that in *Pastoral*, tho' it never pretends to any greatness, *Invocations* may be allow'd: But whatever Subject it chooseth, it must take Care to accommodate it to the *Genius* and Circumstances of a Shepherd.

Concerning the Form, or Mode of *Imitation*, I shall not repeat what I have already said, viz. that this is in it self mixt; for *Pastoral* is either *Alternate*, or hath but one *Person*, or is mixt of both: Yet it is properly and chiefly *Alternate*, as is evident from that of *Theocritus*.

*Sing Rural strains, for as we march along  
We may delight each other with a Song.*

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In which the *Poet* shows that *alternate* singing is proper to a *Pastoral*: But as for the *Fable*, 'tis requisite that it should be simple, lest instead of *Pastoral* it put on the Form of a *Comedy*, or *Tragedy*, if the *Fable* be great, or intricate, it must be *One*: This *Aristotle* thinks necessary in every *Poem*, and *Horace* lays down this general Rule,

*Be every Fable simple, and but one :*

For every *Poem*, that is not *One*, is imperfect, and this *Unity* is to be taken from the *Action*: For if that is *One*, the *Poem* will be so too. Such is the *Passion* of *Corydon* in *Virgil's* second *Eclogue*, *Melibæus's* *Expostulation* with *Tityrus* about his *Fortune*; *Theocritus's* *Thyrsis*, *Cyclops*, and *Amaryllis*, of which perhaps in its proper Place I may treat more largely.

Let the third Rule be concerning the *Expression*, which cannot be in this kind excellent, unless borrow'd from *Theocritus's* *Idylliums*, or *Virgil's* *Eclogues*; let it be chiefly simple, and ingenuous: Such is that of *Theocritus*,

*A Kid belongs to thee, and Kids are good.*

Or that in *Virgil's* seventh *Eclogue*,

*This Pail of Milk, these Cakes (Priapus) every Year  
Expect ; a little Garden is thy care :*

*Thou'rt Marble now, but if more Land I hold,*

*If my Flock thrive, thou shalt be made of Gold.*

than which I cannot imagine more simple, and more ingenuous *Expressions*. To which may be added that out of his *Palemon*.

*And I love Phyllis, for her Charms excel ;*

*At my departure O what tears there fell !*

*She sigh'd, Farewell Dear Youth, a long Farewell.*

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### Part III. *upon* PASTORALS.

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Now, That I call an ingenuous Expression which is clear and smooth, that swells with no insolent Words, or bold Metaphors, but hath something familiar, and as it were obvious in its Composure, and not disguis'd by any study'd and affected dress: All its Ornaments must be like the Corn and Fruits in the Country, easie to be gotten, and ready at hand, not such as requires Care, Labour, and Cost to be obtain'd: As *Hermogenes* on *Theocritus* observes; see how easie and unaffected this sounds,

*Pines murmurings, Goatherd, are a pleasing sound,*

and most of his Expressions, not to say all, are of the same Nature: For the ingenuous simplicity both of Thought and Expression is the natural Characteristick of Pastoral. In this *Theocritus* and *Virgil* are admirable, and excellent, the others despicable, and to be pittied: For they being enfeebled by the meanness of their Subject, either creep, or fall flat. *Virgil* keeps himself up by his choice and curious Words, and tho' his Matter for the most part (and Pastoral requires it) is mean, yet his Expressions never flag, as is evident from these Lines in his *Alexis*:

*The glossy Plumbs I'll bring, and juicy Pear,*

*Such as were once delightful to my Dear:*

*I'll crop the Laurel, and the Myrtle Tree,*

*Confus'dly set, because their Sweets agree.*

For since the Matter must be low, to avoid being abject, and despicable, you must borrow some light from the Expression; not such as is dazling, but pure, and lambent, such as may shine thro' the whole Matter, but never flash, and blind. The Words of such a *Stile* we are usually taught in our Nurses Arms, but 'tis to be perfected and polished by length of time, frequent use, study, and diligent reading of the most approved Authors: For Pastoral is apt to be slighted for the meanness of its Matter, unless it hath

hath some additional Beauty, be pure, polish'd, and so made pleasing, and attractive. Therefore never let any one, that designs to write *Pastorals*, corrupt himself with foreign Manners; for if he hath once vitiated the healthful Habit, as I may say, of Expression, which *Bucolicks* necessarily require, it is impossible he should be fit for that task. Yet let him not affect pompous or dazling Expressions, for such belong to *Epicks*, or *Tragedians*. Let his Words sometimes tast of the Country, not that I mean, of which *Volusius's* Annals, upon which *Catullus* hath made that biting *Epigram*, are full; for though the Thought ought to be rustick, and such as is suitable to a Shepherd, yet it ought not to be Clownish, as is evident in *Corydon*, when he makes mention of his Goats.

*Young sportive Creatures, and of spotted hue,  
Which suckled twice a Day, I keep for you :  
These Thestylis hath beg'd, and beg'd in vain,  
But now they're Hers, since you my Gifts disdain.*

For what can be more Rustical, than to design the Goats for *Alexis*, at that very time when he believeth *Thestylis's* winning importunity will be able to prevail? Yet there is nothing Clownish in the Word. In short, *Bucolicks* should deserve that Commendation which *Tully* gives *Craffus*, of whose Orations he would say, *that nothing could be more free from childish painting, and affected finery*. So let the Expression in *Pastoral* be without gaudy Trappings, and all the little fineries of Art, which are us'd to set off and varnish a Discourse: But let an ingenuous Simplicity, and unaffected pleasing Neatness appear in every part; which yet will be flat, if it is drawn out to a length, if not close, short, and broken, as that of *Virgil*,

*He that loves Bavius Verses, hates not Thine:*



And in the same *Eclogue*,

— *It is not safe to drive too nigh,  
The Bank may fail, the Ram is hardly dry :*

And in *Corydon*,

*To learn this Art what won't Amyntas do ?*

And in *Theocritus* much of the same Nature may be seen ; as in his other *Pastoral Idylliums*, so chiefly in his Fifth. Thus *Battus* in the fourth *Idyllium*, complaining for the loss of *Amaryllis*,

*Dear Nymph, dear as my Goats, you dy'd.*

And how soft and tender is that in the third *Idyllium*,

*And she may look on me, she may be won,  
She may be kind, she is not perfect Stone.*

And in this concise, close way of Expression lies the chiefest Grace of *Pastorals* : For in my Opinion, there's nothing in the whole Composition that can delight more than those frequent stops, and breakings off. Yet lest in these too it become dull and sluggish, it must be quickned by frequent lively touches of Concernment : Such as that of the Goatherd in the third *Idyllium*,

— *I see that I must die :*

Or *Daphnis's* despair, which *Thyrsis* sings in the first *Idyllium*,

*Ye Wolves, and Pards, and Mountain Boars adieu,  
The Herdsmen now must walk no more with You.*

How tender are the Lines, and yet what Passion they contain ! And most of *Virgil's* are of this Nature, but there are likewise in him some touches of despairing Love, such as is this of *Alphesibæus*.

*Nor have I any mind to be reliev'd :*

Or that of *Damon*,

*I'll die, yet tell my Love e'en whilst I die :*

Or that of *Corydon*,

*He lov'd, but could not hope for Love again.*

For tho' *Pastoral* doth not admit any violent Passions such as proceed from the greatest Extremity, and usually accompany despair ; yet because despairing Love is not attended with those frightful and horrible Consequences, but looks more like Grief to be pittied, and a pleasing Madness, than Rage and Fury, *Eclogue* is so far from refusing, that it rather loves and passionately requires them. Therefore an unfortunate Shepherd may be brought in, complaining of his successful Love to the Moon, Stars, or Rocks, or to the Woods, and purling Streams, mourning the unsupportable anger, the frowns and coynels of his proud *Phyllis* ; singing at his Nymph's Door, ( which *Plutarch* reckons among the signs of Passion ) or doing any of those fooleries, which are familiar to Lovers. Yet the Passion must not rise too high, as *Polypheusus's*, *Galateas's* mad Lover, of whom *Theocritus* divinely thus, as almost of every Thing else :

*His was no common flame, nor could he move  
In the old Arts, and beaten paths of Love,  
No Flowers, nor Fruits sent to oblige the Fair,  
His was all Rage, and Madness.*

For all violent Perturbations are to be diligently avoided

voided by *Bucolicks*, whose Nature it is to be *soft*, and *easy*: For in small Matters, and such must all the Strifes and Contentions of Shepherds be, to make a great deal ado, is as unseemly, as to put *Hercules's* Vizard and Buskins on an Infant, as *Quintilian* hath excellently observ'd. For since *Eclogue* is but weak, it seems not capable of those Commotions which belong to the *Theater*, and *Pulpit*; they must be soft, and gentle, and all its Passion must seem to flow only, and not break out: As in *Virgil's Gallus*,

*Ab! far from home and me you wander o're  
The Alpine snows, the farthest Western shore,  
And frozen Rhine. When are we like to meet?  
Ab gently, gently, lest thy tender Feet  
Sharp Ice may wound.*

To these he may sometimes join some short Interrogations made to *inanimate Beings*, for those spread a strange Life and Vigour thro' the whole Composition. Thus in *Daphnis*,

*Did not You Streams, and Hazels, hear the Nymphs?  
Or give the very Trees, and Fountains sense, as in  
Tityrus,*

*Thee (Tityrus) the Pines, and every Vale,  
The Fountains, Hills, and every Shrub did call:*

for by this the Concernment is express'd; and of the like Nature is that of *Thyrsis*, in *Virgil's Melibæus*.

*When Phyllis comes, my Wood will all be green.*

And this sort of Expression is frequent in *Theocritus*, and *Virgil*, and in these the delicacy of *Pastoral* is principally contain'd, as one of the old Interpreters of *Theocritus* hath observ'd on this Line, in the eighth *Idyllium*.



*Re Vales, and Streams, a Race Divine.*

But let them be so, and so seldom us'd, that nothing appear vehement, and bold, for Boldness and Vehemence destroy the Sweetness which peculiarly commends *Bucolicks*, and in those Composures a constant Care to be soft and easie should be chief: For *Pastoral* bears some Resemblance to *Terence*, of whom *Tully*, in that Poem which he writes to *Libanius*, gives this Character;

*His Words are soft, and each Expression sweet.*

In mixing *Passion* in *Pastorals*, that Rule of *Longinus's* golden Treatise *de Sublimitate*, must be observ'd: Never use it, but when the Matter requires it, and then too very sparingly.

Concerning the *Numbers*, in which *Pastoral* should be written, this is my Opinion; the *Heroick Measure*, but not so strong and sounding as in *Epicks*, is to be chosen. *Virgil* and *Theocritus* have given us Examples; for tho' *Theocritus* hath in one *Idyllium* mixt other *Numbers*, yet that can be of no force against all the rest; and *Virgil* useth no *Numbers* but *Heroick*, from whence it may be inferr'd, that those are the fittest.

*Pastoral* may sometimes admit plain, but not long *Narrations*, such as *Socrates* in *Plato* requires in a Poet; for he chiefly approves those who use a plain *Narration*, and commends that above all other which is short, and fitly expresseth the Nature of the Thing. Some are of Opinion that *Bucolicks* cannot endure *Narrations*, especially if they are very long, and imagine there are none in *Virgil*; but they have not been nice enough in their Observations, for there are some, as that in *Silenus*.

*Young Chromis and Mnasyllus chanc'd to stray,  
Where (sleeping in a Cave) Silenus lay,  
Whose constant Cups fly fuming to his Brain,  
And always boil in each extended Vein :  
His trusty Flaggon, full of potent Juice,  
Was hanging by, worn out with Age, and Use, &c.*

But because *Narrations* are so seldom to be found in *Theocritus*, and *Virgil*, I think they ought not to be often us'd ; yet if the Matter will bear it, I believe such as *Socrates* would have, may very fitly be made use of.

The Composition will be more suitable to the Genius of a Shepherd, if now and then there are some short Turns and Digressions from the Purpose. Such is that concerning *Pasiphae* in *Silenus*, although it is almost too long ; but we may give *Virgil* a little leave, who takes so little Liberty himself.

Concerning *Descriptions* I cannot tell what to lay down, for in this Matter our Guides, *Virgil*, and *Theocritus*, do not very well agree. For he in his first *Idyllium* makes such a long immoderate Description of his *Cup*, that *Criticks* find fault with him, but no such Description appears in all *Virgil* ; for how sparing is he in his Description of *Melibæus's* Beechen Pot, the Work of Divine *Alcimedon* ? He doth it in *five* Verses, *Theocritus* runs out into *thirty*, which certainly is an Argument of a Wit that is very much at leisure, and unable to moderate his Force. That *Shortness* which *Virgil* hath prudently made choice of, is in my Opinion much better ; for a Shepherd, who is naturally incurious, and unobserving, cannot think that it is his Duty to be exact in Particulars, and describe every thing with an accurate Niceness ; yet *Ronsardus* hath done it, a Man of most correct Judgment, and, in Imitation of *Theocritus*, hath, considering the then Poverty of our Language, admirably and largely describ'd his

Cup; and *Marinus* in his *Idylliums* hath follow'd the same Example. He never keeps within Compaſs in his Descriptions, for which he is deſervedly blam'd; let thoſe who would be thought accurate, and Men of Judgment, follow *Virgil's* prudent Moderation. Nor can the others gain any Advantage from *Moschus's Europa*, in which the Description of the *Basket* is very long, for that *Idyllium* is not *Pastoral*; yet I confeſs, that ſome Descriptions of ſuch trivial things, if not minutely accurate, may, if ſeldom us'd, be decently allow'd a Place in the Diſcourſes of *Shepherds*.

But tho' you muſt be ſparing in your *Descriptions*, yet your *Compariſons* muſt be frequent, and the more often you uſe them, the better and more graceful will be the Compoſure; eſpecially if taken from ſuch things, as the *Shepherds* muſt be familiarly acquainted with. They are frequent in *Theocritus*, but ſo proper to the Country, that none but a *Shepherd* dare uſe them. Thus *Menalcas* in the eighth *Idyllium*:

*Rough Storms to Trees, to Birds the treacherous Snare,  
Are frightful Evils; Springes to the Hare,  
Soft Virgins Love to Man, &c.*

And *Damatas* in *Virgil's Palamon*,

*Wolves Sheep deſtroy, Winds Trees when newly blown,  
Storms Corn, and me my Amaryllis frown.*

And that in the eighth *Eclogue*,

*As Clay grows hard, Wax ſoft in the ſame Fire,  
So Daphnis does in one extream Deſire.*

And ſuch *Compariſons* are very frequent in him, and very ſuitable to the Genius of a *Shepherd*; as like-  
wiſe often *Repetitions*, and *Doublings* of ſome  
Words; which, if they are luckily plac'd, have an  
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extream sweet, and the Turns ravishing and delightful. An Instance of this we have in *Virgil's Melibæus*;

(*Tree,*

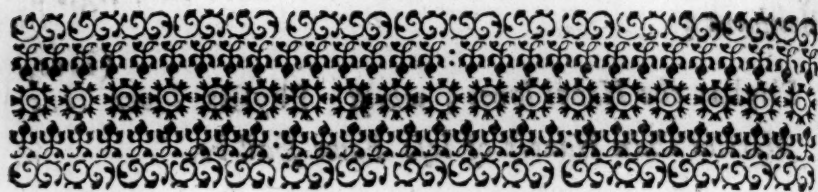
*Phyllis the Hazel loves ; whilst Phyllis loves that  
Myrtles than Hazels of less Fame shall be.*

As for the *Manners* of your *Shepherds*, they must be such as theirs who liv'd in the Islands of the Happy or Golden Age ; they must be candid, simple, and ingenuous ; Lovers of Goodness, and Justice, affable, and kind ; Strangers to all Fraud, Contrivance, and Deceit ; in their Love modest, and chaste, not one suspicious Word, no loose Expression to be allow'd ; and in this part *Theocritus* is faulty, *Virgil* never : and this Difference perhaps is to be ascrib'd to their Ages, the times in which the latter liv'd being more polite, civil, and genteel. And therefore those who make wanton Love-stories the Subject of Pastorals, are in my Opinion very unadvis'd ; for all sort of Lewdness or Debauchery are directly contrary to the *Innocence* of the Golden Age. There is another thing in which *Theocritus* is faulty, and that is making his Shepherds too sharp, and abusive to one another ; *Comatas* and *Lacon* are ready to fight, and the railing between those two is as bitter as *Billingsgate*. Now certainly such Raillery cannot be suitable to those sedate times of the Happy Age.

As for *Sentences*, if weighty, and philosophical, common Sense tells us they are not fit for a *Shepherd's* Mouth. Here *Theocritus* cannot be altogether excus'd, but *Virgil* deserves no Reprehension. But *Proverbs* justly challenge Admission into *Pastorals*, nothing being more common in the Mouths of Country-men, than old Sayings.

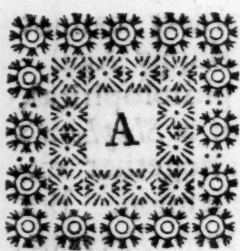
Thus much seem'd necessary to be premis'd out of *RAPIN*, for the Direction and Information of the Reader.

T H E



THE  
LIFE  
OF  
THEOCRITUS.

By BASIL KENNET, M. A.



Among all the Complaints that have been made against the Old Tribe of Grammarians and Commentators, there is not one with less Injustice taken up, than that which taxes them with their hard usage of *Theocritus's* Story. For, as if it were impossible for them to agree in their Verdict, tho' upon the plainst Evidence; we find them strangely divided in their Accounts of the Age and Country of this Poet; when, all the while, he himself, if they would have taken his Word, has settled both the Points beyond Dispute.

In an Epigram commonly set in the Front of his Poem, and perhaps according to the Author's Original

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ginal Design, he thus acquaints us with his City and Family.

Ἄλλ' ὁ Χῖος ἐγὼ δὲ Θεόκριτος ὅς τ' αὖτε γράψω  
 εἰς ἀπὸ τῶν πολλῶν ἐμὶ Συρηκοσίων,  
 γιγνώσκω Πραξαγόρου περικλειῆς τε Φιλίνης,  
 Μῶσαν δ' ὁδνεῖν ἔποτ' ἐφελκυσάμην.

*Chios* can lay no Title to *My* Muse;  
 But *I'm Theocritus* of *Syracuse*,  
*Praxagoras* and fam'd *Philina's* Son;  
 And I ne'er wrote a Verse but was my own.

And then, as to his Age, one would think it were impossible that should raise a Quarrel, while the two *Idylliums* remain, address'd to *Hiero* King of *Syracuse*, and to *Ptolemy Philadelphus* of *Egypt*. This *Hiero* was the same famous Prince whose Actions are recorded in the first Book of *Polybius's* History. He recover'd the Regal Honour to his Family, after it had been lost almost Two Hundred Years: Beginning his Reign in the Second Year of the 126th Olympiad, as *Casaubon* has made out in his Observations on that Historian \*. Tho' *Pausanias* † makes him to have obtain'd the Crown in the Second Year of the 120th Olympiad; and tho' *Casaubon*, when he wrote his Lectures on *Theocritus* ||, has follow'd *Pausanias* in the Mistake. As for *Ptolemy Philadelphus*, the Commencement of his Reign is constantly fix'd in the 123d Olympiad.

*Hiero*, tho' a Prince who made a great noise in the World by the Fortune of his Arms, and by the Fame of his good Government; yet seems to have express'd no great Affection for Letters. Which is suppos'd to have been the occasion of *Theocritus's* Sixteenth *Idyllium*, inscrib'd with *Hiero's* Name:

\* Page. 127, &c. † Lib. 6. p. 365. || Pag. 283.  
 Where



Where the Poet asserts the Dignity of his own Profession, complains of the poor Encouragement it met with in the World ; and after a very Artificial Manner, touching on some of the Noblest Virtues of the Prince, shows what a brave Figure he would have made in Verse, had he been as good a Patron, as he was an Argument, to the Muses.

It is probable, this Unkindness of *Hiero* was the main reason which prevail'd with *Theocritus* to leave *Sicily* for the *Egyptian* Court ; where King *Ptolemy* then sat, Supreme President of Arts and Wit. And we may guess, that the Poet met with kinder Entertainment at *Alexandria*, than he had enjoy'd at *Syracuse*, from his famous Panegyrick on *Ptolemy*, which makes his Seventeenth *Idyllium* ; and in which, after the Praises of his Race, his Power, and his Riches, he extols his Generous Protection of Learning and Ingenuity, as something beyond the degree of common Virtues and Excellencies.

There are no farther Memorials of the Poet's Life to be gather'd from his Works, except his Friendship with *Aratus* the famous Author of the *Phænomena*. To *Him* he addresses his Sixth *Idyllium* ; His Loves he describes in the Seventh ; and from *Him* he borrows the pious Beginning of the Seventeenth.

*Theocritus* lies under an unhappy Censure in relation to his Death. For if *Ovid* means *Him* by the *Syracusan* Poet in his *Ibis*, he must seem to have suffer'd, either from his own, or from other Hands, the shameful Fate of a Malefactor \*. But it will not be very insolent to say, that in such a trivial Business *Ovid* himself might be mistaken. For tho' the Old Commentators on the place, tell us a grave Story of *Theocritus*'s Execution, as there hinted at, and the occasion of it ; yet it is possible the whole matter may lie in confounding *Theocritus* the Rhetorician of *Chios*, with *Theocritus* the Poet of *Syracuse* ; tho' the

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\* *Utque Syracosio præstrictâ fauce Poëta,  
Sic animæ laqueo sit via clausa tuæ.*

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Latter in his Epigram already set down, has taken particular Care to be known and distinguish'd from his Name-fake. Now it is true enough, as *Plutarch*\*, and *Macrobius* † will witness, that *Theocritus* of *Chios* was Executed, by order of King *Antigonus* : And the reason of his Misfortune was his most unseasonable Wit. For having committed a very high Crime against that Prince ( who, by the way had but one Eye ) and *He* promising him a Pardon, provided he would come into his Presence to accept it; his Friends were very urgent in hastening his Journey to Court, and told him he need not question having his Life sav'd, as soon as ever he should appear to his Majesty's Eyes: *Nay then, ( cry'd Theocritus ) I am a Dead Man, if that be the only Condition of my Pardon.* And this coming to *Antigonus's* Ear, He justly esteem'd the Railery an addition to the former Treason, and accordingly order'd Justice to proceed.

It cannot fairly be omitted, that the attributing the Fate of *Theocritus* the Rhetorician to *Theocritus* the Poet, was an easier slip, in as much as the former also pretended to some knack in Verse, and has an Epigram or two preserv'd in *Laertius* and *Plutarch*.

Tho' *Theocritus* passes in common Esteem, for no more than a Pastoral Poet; yet he is manifestly robb'd of great part of his Fame, if his other Pieces have not their proper Laurels. For (not to speak of the few little Epigrams) as the larger share of his *Idylliums*, cannot properly be call'd the Songs of Shepherds, so they are in too great repute, to be banished from the Character of their Author.

At the same time he ought, no doubt to lay his Pastorals, as the Foundation of his Credit. And upon the Claim he will be admitted for the happy Finisher, as well as for the Inventor of his Art; and will be acknowledg'd to have excell'd all his following Rivals, as much as Originals usually do

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\* *Sympos. l. 2.* † *Saturnal. l. 7 c. 3.*

their Copies. He has the same Advantage in the Rural, as *Homer* had in the Epick Poesy; and that was, to make the Criticks turn *His* Practice into Eternal Rules, and to measure Nature her self by his accomplish'd Model. And therefore, as to enumerate the Glories of Heroick Numbers is the same Thing, as to cast up the Sum of *Homer's* Praises; so to set down all the Beauties of Pastoral Verse, is no more than an indirect way of making so many short Panegyricks on *Theocritus*. Indeed, *Theocritus* has been so much happier than *Homer*, as *Virgil's* Eclogues are reckon'd more unequal Imitations than his *Aeneis*.

It must be own'd, that the Dialect which *Theocritus* wrote in, has a great share in his Honours. The old *Dorian* Phrase seems to have been introduc'd on purpose for these Compositions: Or one would think this was the plain Language of the Golden Age; and that the Poet had express'd the Speech of these good Mortals, as well as the Manners. On the other hand, many excellent Judges have maintain'd, that his Muse now and then, rather shows her ill-breeding than her simplicity. That her Country Air and Tone are both a little uncouth; at least, that they appear so to the elegance and the niceness of Modern Times. Now to this Censure it might, with Submission, be return'd, that unless the Shepherds are allow'd some ruder Liberties in their Words and Carriage, they will seem to be abridg'd of the Privileges of their Nature and their Condition. For tho' they ought not to be either grossly stupid, or critically refin'd; yet it would be a safer Error to let them smell rank of the Field than to deck them with the least spruceness of the City. We see the ill Effects of the contrary practice in the famous Pastorals of the *Italians* and of the *French*, who have turn'd their Swains into Courtiers, for fear of making them Clowns.

It seems indeed, reasonable enough, that the Purcity of Modern Tongues should not admit the use of a grosser Dialect, even in Pastoral Pieces: Tho'

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as for our selves, the *Scotch-Songs* which pass with so much applause, show that it is not impossible to revive this old Conduct among Us with Success. However, *Theocritus* is not to be judg'd by the Manners of our Times, but by his own. We must not conceive the Performers in *His Pastorals* like those in *Spencer's*.

*Feeding their Flocks upon the Hills of Kent.*

But in the rude Fields of Ancient *Sicily*: And here they may be as rustick as they please; without offence; tho' there perhaps they ought to have been more cautious and more decent.

It is certain *Quintilian*, however he has been of late misconstrued, never intended his Judgment on *Theocritus* for a Reproach, when he observes, that *His Rustical Muse was not only afraid to appear in the Forum but even in the City\**. For the Rhetorician could mean no more, but that the Language and the Thoughts of *Theocritus's* Shepherds ought neither to be imitated in publick speaking, nor in any Gallant Composure. Yet the Poet might for all this, be admirable in his way, as indeed, *Quintilian* in the same place expressly pronounces him.

But should the Dialect of *Theocritus* not be admitted among his Graces, he can produce enough besides to secure his Rural Crown from the boldest Competitor. Mr. *Dryden* acknowledges him to have been rais'd above *Virgil* himself, by the inimitable tenderness of his Passions; by the propriety of his Wit, never departing from the Plains and Cottages; and by an Art that he has of betraying his Learning; (as his Nymphs do their Love) meerly by endeavouring to conceal it. These Excellencies Mr. *Dryden* † would fix to distinguish the *Sicilian* Poet, from all others in the World: And to pretend to

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\* Instit. l. 10. c. 1. † Preface to the Second Vol. of *Miscellany Poems*.

confirm *His* Judgment, would be the same rashness as to oppose it.

To say nothing of *Vingil*, who disdains a meaner Censor, as well as a meaner Translator than Mr. *Dryden*; it will be no breach of Modesty to affirm, that the greatest part of the succeeding Pastorals, are as far distant from these Ornaments, as from the Age that produc'd them for their Patterns. The Persons introduc'd have not only the Speech, but the Address and the Carriage of Gentlemen: Their Love is the highest Gallantry, and their Wit the choicest Invention. Our own incomparable Sir *Philip Sidney* has fallen into the common Humour, tho' not in the common fault. Some of his Shepherds talk in as fine a Strain of Sense and Elegancy, as if each was a true *Philisides*: Showing Wits (as *Palladius* observ'd) that might better become such Shepherds as *Homer* speaks of, who are Governors of the People, than such Senators who hold their Council in a Sheep-cote\*. But then with what a matchless Judgment has that Noble Author fram'd a Necessity for his Practice? The Old Epick Poets, when their Heroes accomplish any Adventure that seems plac'd beyond the reach of Human Force, salve the Probability, by joining the miraculous assistance of the Gods: And, Sir *Philip*, when his Rural Lovers act and talk above the Nature and Character of the Common Inhabitants of the Plains, refers the whole Business to the extraordinary Influence of Heaven. He is careful to let us know, that the particular Favour of Providence had not more distinguish'd *His Arcadia* from other Countries by the Benefits of the Climate and of the Soil, than by the Parts and the Wisdom of the People, and that these were as Common Blessings as the others: The *Muses* having chose this Country for their chief repairing Place; and having bestow'd their Gifts so largely here, that the very SHEPHERDS had their Fancies lifted to so high Conceits, as the Learned

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\* *Arcadia*, page 14.

of other Nations were content both to borrow their Names, and to imitate their Cunning \*.

Those *Idylliums* of *Theocritus*, which are not admitted for Pastorals, are of so different kinds, that no Man has yet attempted to reduce them into Classes. *Salmasius* † contents himself to say, that we may call them what we please besides Pastoral Verses. And, *Heinsius* ‖ tho' he tells us he *could* distinguish them, yet wisely declares he will leave the Task, for other Men to try their Judgments upon. But perhaps it would save a needless Trouble to call them altogether by the Modern Name of *Poems on several Occasions*. And this Notion *Heinsius* himself must in some measure favour; while he observes that the Ancients gave them the Title of *Idylliums* for no other reason, but to express the variety of their Natures. But tho' they cannot be divided into Heads fit to express their form, yet they may fall under such as will distinguish their Praises. For the Nine first, and the Eleventh, being all that are acknowledged true Pastorals, there are abundance of others, which are therefore only not Pastorals, because the Scene of Business does not lie in the Plains and Feeding Grounds, but in some other part of the Country; not among the Shepherds, but among their Neighbours as rude and simple as themselves: Such as the *Reapers* in the Tenth *Idyllium*, the *Gossips* in the Fifteenth, the *Fishermen* in the Twenty-first, &c. Now these Pieces have a right to most of the fine things that are usually said of the Pastorals, to which they are so nearly ally'd. Several others of the *Idylliums* are little Copies directed to private Friends, on some particular Account; as the Twelfth, the Twenty-eighth, the Twenty-ninth, &c. These neither agree all in Dialect, nor in Measures, yet for their general Air of familiar Simplicity and Morality, meet with a common Esteem. The Nineteenth

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\* *Arcadia*, pag. 9. † In *Solin.* ‖ *Lect. Theocrit.*  
Cap. I.



## 60      *The* LIFE of THEOCRITUS.

and the Thirtieth, on *Cupid stung by a Bee*, and on *The Death of Adonis*, seem both to be written with the Spirit and the Delicacy of *Anacreon*; the latter only having the farther Benefit of *His* Numbers: Tho' the first too has now recover'd that Advantage in the *English* which it wanted in the *Greek*.

But the most admir'd among these Miscellaneous Pieces, are the Panegyricks and the Hymns, address'd to *Ptolemy*, *Hiero*, *Castor*, and *Pollux*, and *Hercules*; by which *Theocritus* has shown, that he (as well as *Virgil* did afterwards) could upon occasion, raise his *Sicilian Muse* to a loftier Strain; that he understood the Gaiety and Wisdom of the Court, and the Bravery of the Camp, as well as the simple honesty and hardiness of the Country: And, in short, that he could as well sing the Combats of Heroes, as the Contentions of Shepherds.



THE O

THEOCRITUS.



*Apud Fulvium Ursinum  
in Marmore.*

*M. P. Gualt. scul.*



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# THEOCRITUS.



## IDYLLIUM I.

Call'd THYRSIS, or *ὠδή ἐπ' Ἰνέει*.



*A Goatherd persuades the Shepherd THYRSIS to bewail DAPHNIS, who dy'd for Love; and gives him a large Cup and Goat for a Reward. The Scene Sicily, about the River Himera.*

### THYRSIS.

**G**oatherd, that Pine-tree's Boughs by yonder Spring,  
In pleasing Murmurs mix, and sweetly sing:  
And thou dost sweetly pipe, dear charming Swain,  
And well deserv'st the next Reward to Pan:  
If he must have a Kid, a Goat's thy Due;  
If he a Goat, a Kid belongs to you:  
And that's no mean Reward, for Kids are good;  
And 'till they're milk'd, the Flesh is dainty Food.

### GOATHERD.

And sweeter Notes thy Pipe, dear Shepherd, fill,  
Than murmuring Springs, that rowl from yonder Hill.  
When *Muses* claim a Sheep, a Lamb's thy Due;  
When they a Lamb, thou shalt receive a Ewe.

A

And

## The IDYLLIUMS

## THYRSIS.

And will you, by the *Nymphs*, grant one Desire?  
Will you to neighbouring *shady Banks* retire,  
And sit and pipe? Come, shew thy wond'rous Skill,  
I'll thank thee for't, and feed thy *Goats* the while.

## GOATHERD.

I dare not, Faith, I dare not pipe at Noon,  
Afraid of *Pan*; for when his Hunting's done,  
And he lies down to sleep by purling Streams,  
He's very touchy, if we break his Dreams.  
But, *Thyrsis*, (for you know fair *Daphnis* pains,  
And sing the best of all the tuneful Swains)  
Let's go and sit beneath yon Myrtle Boughs,  
Where stands *Priapus*, and the *Nymphs* Repose,  
Where thy *Hut*'s built, and many an *Acorn* grows; }  
And there, if thou wilt pipe as sweet a Lay,  
As when you strove with \* *Crome*, and won the Day,  
I'll give thee my best Goat, a lovely white;  
She suckles two, yet fills three Pails at Night;  
Besides a *Cup*, with sweetest Wax o'erlay'd,  
A fine two-handled Pot, and newly made;  
Still of the Tool it smells, it neatly shines,  
And round the Brim a creeping Ivy twines,  
With *Crocus* mix'd, where seem the *Kids* to brouze;  
The Berries crop, and wanton in the Boughs:  
Within a Woman sits, a Work divine,  
Thro' envious Veils her dazling *Beauties* shine,  
And all around neat *Woers* offer Love,  
They strive, they quarrel, but they cannot move;  
Now smiling here, now there she casts her Eyes,  
And now to *these*, now *those* her Mind applies;  
Whilst they, their Eyes swoln big with watchful Pain,  
Still love, still beg, but all, poor *Hearts*, in vain.  
Near *these*, a *Fisher* on white Rocks is set,  
He seems to gather up to cast his Net;  
He stands as labouring, and his Limbs appear  
All stretch'd, and in his Face mix Hope and Fear;

The

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\* The Name of a Shepherd.

# of THEOCRITUS.

3

The Nerves in's Neck are swoln, look firm and strong,  
 Altho' he's *old*, and fit for one that's *young*.  
 Next him, ripe Grapes in *blushing* Clusters twine,  
 And a fair *Boy* sits by to guard the Vine :  
 On either Side a *Fox* ; *one* widely gapes,  
 He eyes the Vines, and spoils the rip'ning Grapes :  
 The *other* minds the Scrip, resolv'd to seize,  
 And rob the *Fondling* of his Bread and Cheese ;  
 Whilst he sits idly busy, neatly ties  
 Soft tender Twigs, and frames a Net for Flies ;  
 Pleas'd with his vain Designs, a careless Boy,  
 And more than Grapes or Scrip, he minds the Toy.  
 Round all, a *creeping Woodbine's* Twigs aspire,  
 A\* curious Sight, I'm sure you must admire ; —  
 'Twas *Calydon's* ; but when he cross'd the Seas,  
 I bought it for a *Goat* and *Rammel* Cheese ;  
 It never touch'd my Lips, unfoil'd and new,  
 And this I freely will present to you,  
 † If you will sing how in the shady Grove  
 Young *Daphnis* pin'd, and how he dy'd for Love.  
 I am in Earnest, I will love thee long,  
 And surely mind the Favour of thy Song.

## THYRSIS.

Pan, raise my Voice, Pan, move my learned Tongue,  
 Begin, sweet Muse, begin the rural Song.  
 'Tis *Thyrsis* Song, *Thyrsis* from *Ætina* came,  
 ‖ Sweet is his Voice, and sounding as his Fame.  
 Where were you *Nymphs*? Where did the *Nymphs* reside?  
 Where were you then, when *Daphnis* pin'd and dy'd?  
 On *Pindus* Top, or *Tempe's* open Plain,  
 Where careless *Nymphs*, forgetful of the Swain?  
 For not one *Nymph* by swift *Asopus* stood,  
 Nor *Ætina's* Cliff, nor *Acis* sacred Flood.

A 2

Pan,

\* Some take *αἰολικόν* as relating to the Country, and would not have *Calydon* in the next Line, to be a proper Name.

† Heinsius reads *ἐπ' Ἰμῶν ἕμῳ*, right, no doubt, but it matters little.

‖ Some read *ἃ δὲ φωνὰ*, some *ἃ δὲ ἄ.*



Pan, raise my Voice, Pan, move my learned Tongue,  
Begin, sweet Muse, begin the rural Song.

For him the Wolves, the Pards, and Tygers moan'd ;  
For him with frightful Grief the Lions groan'd.

Pan, raise my Voice, Pan, move my learned Tongue,  
Begin, sweet Muse, begin the rural Song.

A thousand Heifers, Bulls, and Cows, and Steers,  
Lay round his Feet, and melted into Tears.

Pan, raise my Voice, Pan, move my learned Tongue,  
Begin, sweet Muse, begin the rural Song.

First Hermes came, and with a gentle Touch,  
He rais'd, and ask'd him whom he lov'd so much ?

Pan, raise my Voice, Pan, move my learned Tongue,  
Begin, sweet Muse, begin the rural Song.

The Plough-men, Herds-men, and the Shepherds, came,  
And ask'd what Ill ? and what had rais'd the Flame !

Priapus came from neighbouring Shades, and said,  
Poor Daphnis, why dost pine ? why hang thy Head ?

\* While o'er the Fields the Nymph repeats her Pain,  
And calls the Woods, and chides the perjur'd Swain.

Pan, raise my Voice, Pan, move my learned Tongue,  
Begin, sweet Muse, begin the rural Song.

Ah, Daphnis, loose and wanton in thy Love !

A Herds-man thought, thou dost a Goatherd prove !

A Goatherd, when he sees the Kids at Rut,  
Sits down, and grieves that he's not born a Goat.

Thus, when you see the Virgins dance, you grieve  
Because refus'd, and now disdain to live.

Pan, raise my Voice, Pan, move my learned Tongue,  
Begin, sweet Muse, begin the rural Song.

All this young Daphnis heard ; but mute he sate,  
Indulg'd his Grief, and hasten'd to his Fate.

Pan, raise my Voice, Pan, move my learned Tongue,  
Begin, sweet Muse, begin the rural Song.

Then Venus came, a Smile her Face possess'd,  
A faint half Smile, fierce Anger fill'd her Breast ;

And

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\* I follow Heinſius's Comment, which ſeems to be  
the beſt, and moſt agreeable to the Poet's Deſign.

# of THEOCRITUS.

5

And said, Well, *Daphnis*, you could fight with Love,  
With what Success the haughty *Shepherd* strove!  
You scorn'd his Bow, and you his Darts disgrac'd;  
But, *Daphnis*, was not Love too strong at last?

Pan, raise my Voice, Pan, move my learned Tongue,  
Begin, sweet Muse, begin the rural Song.

And thus the Youth reply'd, Disdainful Foe,  
Ah, cruel *Venus*, curs'd by all below.

The \* *Sun* hath told, I fall, but still shall prove,  
Midst Shades below, a deadly Plague to Love.

Pan, raise my Voice, Pan, move my learned Tongue,  
Begin, sweet Muse, begin the rural Song.

Go, go to *Ida*, there, as Story goes,  
Are Scenes of Pleasure, there *Amphises* does —

Go, *Venus*, there are Shades and Cypress Bowers,  
And labouring Bees buz o'er the rising Flowers.

Pan, raise my Voice, Pan, move my learned Tongue,  
Begin, sweet Muse, begin the rural Song.

There lives *Adonis*, there the wond'rous Fair,  
There feeds his Sheep, shoots Beasts, and hunts the Hare.

Pan, raise my Voice, Pan, move my learned Tongue,  
Begin, sweet Muse, begin the rural Song.

Go now, stout *Diomed*, go, soon pursue,  
Go, nose him now, and boast, my Arts o'erthrew  
Young *Daphnis* fight, for I'm a Match for you. }

Pan, raise my Voice, Pan, move my learned Tongue,  
Begin, sweet Muse, begin the rural Song.

Ye Wolves, ye Lions, and ye Boars, adieu;  
For *Daphnis* walks no more in Woods with you.

Adieu, fair *Arethuse*, fair Streams that swell  
Thro' *Thymbrian* Plains, ye silver Streams, farewell.

Pan, raise my Voice, Pan, move my learned Tongue,  
Begin, sweet Muse, begin the rural Song.

That, *Daphnis*, I that here my Oxen fed,  
That here my Bulls and Cows to Water led.

Pan,

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\* This Reading seems best, tho' against the Opinion of  
several of the Criticks.

Pan, raise my Voice, Pan, move my learned Tongue,  
Begin, sweet Muse, begin the rural Song.

Pan, Pan, where e'er you keep your Sylvan Court,  
Whether on Lyce's Tops the Satyrs sport,  
Or wanton o'er the high Menalian Hill,  
We beg thee visit Sicily's fair Isle,  
Leave Helike's Cliff, from Licon's Tomb remove,  
A Tomb to be admir'd by Gods above.

Pan, raise my Voice, Pan, move my learned Tongue,  
Begin, sweet Muse, begin the rural Song.

Come, mighty King, come, Pan, and take my Pipe,  
Well join'd with Wax, and fitted to my Lip;  
For now 'tis uselefs grown, Love stops my Breath,  
I cannot pipe, but must be mute in Death.

Pan, raise my Voice, Pan, move my learned Tongue,  
Begin, sweet Muse, begin the rural Song.

On ev'ry Shrub and Thorn, let Lillies smile,  
Let Privet Berries stain the Daffadil;  
Let all Things change, the Pine-tree's lofty Head  
Let mellow Pears adorn, since Daphnis dead;  
Let Deer pursue the Dogs, on ev'ry Bush  
Let Schreech-Owls sit, and chatter with the Thrush.

Pan, raise my Voice no more, Pan, stop my Tongue,  
End, Muses, end, end, Muse, the rural Song.

This said, he dy'd, fair Venus rubb'd the Swain,  
And idly strove to bring him back again;  
For cruel Fate had broken ev'ry Thread,  
And o'er the Stygian Lake young Daphnis fled:  
The cruel Waves enclos'd the lovely Boy,  
The Nymphs Delight, and Muses chiefest Joy.

Pan, raise my Voice no more, Pan, stop my Tongue,  
End Muses, end, end, Muse, the rural Song.

Give me the Cup, the promis'd Goat produce,  
That I may milk, and offer to my Muse.  
Hail, Muses, hail, all hail, ye sacred Nine,  
I'll still improve, and make my Song divine.

#### GOATHERD.

Dear Thyrsis, O! may Honey-Drops distil,  
And Honey-Combs thy Mouth, dear Shepherd, fill.

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\* *The Name of the Goat.*

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TO GEORGE PITT, *Jun. Esq;*

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I'll run to Morrow to the Fencing-House,  
 And ask him what he means to use me thus ?  
 But now I'll charm him ; *Moon*, shine bright and clear,  
 To thee I will direct my secret Pray'r ;  
 To thee and *Hecate*, whom *Dogs* do dread,  
 When stain'd with Gore, she stalks amidst the Dead.  
 Hail, *frightful Hecate*, assist me still,  
 Make mine as great as fam'd *Medea's* Skill.

\* *Jynx*, restore my false, my perjur'd Swain,  
 And force him back into my Arms again.

First burn the *Flow'r*, then strew the † other on ;  
 Strew it. How ? Where's your Sense and Duty gone ?  
 Base *Thestylis* ! and am I so forlorn,  
 And grown so low, that I'm become your Scorn ?  
 But strew the † *Salt*, and say in angry Tones,  
 I scatter *Delphid's*, perjur'd *Delphid's* Bones.

*Jynx*, restore my false, my perjur'd Swain,  
 And force him back into my Arms again.

First *Delphid* injur'd me, he rais'd my Flame,  
 And now I burn this *Bough* in *Delphid's* Name.  
 As this doth blaze, and break away in Fume,  
 (How soon it takes ! ) let *Delphid's* Flesh consume.

*Jynx*, restore my false, my perjur'd Swain,  
 And force him back into my Arms again.

As this devoted *Wax* melts o'er the Fire,  
 Let *Mindian Delphid* melt in warm Desire ;  
 And, *Venus*, as I whirl this brazen Bowl,  
 Before my Doors let perjur'd *Delphid* rowl.

*Jynx*, restore my false, my perjur'd Swain,  
 And force him back into my Arms again.

Now, now I strow the *Flow'r* ; *Moon*, you can bow  
 Ev'n *Rhadamanth*, and all that's fierce below.  
 Hark, *Thestylis*, our *Dogs* begin to howl ;  
 The *Goddeſs* comes, go beat the brazen Bowl.

*Jynx*,

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\* *A Bird sacred to Venus, much us'd in Love Charms*

† ἀλλ' not ἀλλ'

‡ πασὶ ἀλλὰ not ἀλλ'

# Of THEOCRITUS.

9

*Jynx, restore my false, my perjur'd Swain,  
And force him back into my Arms again.*

The Sea grows smooth, and Ease becalms the Wind,  
But Griefs still rage, and toss my troubl'd Mind.  
I burn for him, for him whose Arts betray'd  
And wrought my Shame, for I'm no more a Maid.

*Jynx, restore my false, my perjur'd Swain,  
And force him back into my Arms again.*

Thrice, thrice I pour, and thrice repeat my Charms,  
Whatever Boy or Maid now fills his Arms;  
Let dark Oblivion spread o'er Delphid's Mind,  
As dark as that, that once did \* Theseus blind,  
When he at Naxos left his Love behind.

Hippomanes, a Plant Arcadia bears;  
This makes Steeds mad, and this excites the Mares;  
And oh! that I could see my Delphid come  
From th' Oylly Fencing-House so raving Home.

*Jynx, restore my false, my perjur'd Swain,  
And force him back into my Arms again.*

This Piece from dear false Delphid's Garment torn,  
I tear again, and am resolv'd to burn.

Ah! cruel Love! ah! most relentless God!  
Why like a Leech still eager on his Food,  
Wound'st thou my Heart, and suck'st out all my Blood?

*Jynx, restore my false, my perjur'd Swain,  
And force him back into my Arms again.*

A Lizzard squeez'd, shall make a pow'rful Bowl  
To Morrow, strong, to tame his stubborn Soul.  
Now take these Poysons, I'll procure thee more,  
And strew them at the Threshold of his Door;  
That Door where raging Love has fix'd my Mind,  
Tho' he regards not; cruel and unkind!  
Strew them, and spitting, say, in angry Tones,  
I scatter Delphid's, perjur'd Delphid's Bones.

*Jynx, restore my false, my perjur'd Swain,  
And force him back into my Arms again.*

Now

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\* The Story of Theseus and Ariadne is known.



Now I'm alone, shall I lament my State?  
 But where shall I begin? What wrought my Fate?  
*Anaxo*, *Eubul's* Daughter, neatly drest,  
 Begg'd me to go and see *Diana's* Feast;  
 For *Fame* had told wild *Beasts* must there be shown  
 In solemn Pomp, a *Lyness* was one.

Tell, sacred Moon, what first did raise my Flame,  
 And whence my Pain, and whence my Passion came?  
 With her's my Nurse did all her Vows unite,  
 And bad me go, for 'twould be worth my Sight;  
 So forc'd, and finely dress'd, in Pomp and State,  
 I went, attended by an evil Fate.

Tell, sacred Moon, what first did raise my Flame,  
 And whence my Pain, and whence my Passion came?  
 Near *Lycos* House break thro' the yielding Throng,  
 I saw my *Delphis*, vigorous, stout, and young;  
 A Golden Down spread o'er his youthful Chin,  
 His Breast, bright Moon, was brighter far than thine;  
 For spread with glorious Oyl, he lately came  
 From noble Fencing, and from winning Fame.

Tell, sacred Moon, what first did raise my Flame,  
 And whence my Pain, and whence my Passion came.  
 Oh! when I saw, how did the Sight surprize!  
 My Soul took Fire, and sparkled thro' my Eyes;  
 My Colour chang'd, regardless of the Show,  
 I hasted Home, but came I know not how;  
 A burning Fever seiz'd my thoughtful Head,  
 And twelve long Days and Nights I kept my Bed.

Tell, sacred Moon, what first did raise my Flame,  
 And whence my Pain, and whence my Passion came?  
 My rosy Colour dy'd into a pale,  
 My Eyes grew dim, my Hair began to fall;  
 Mere Skin and Bones I liv'd, I breath'd and pray'd,  
 And sought to ev'ry cunning Man for Aid;  
 All Charms were try'd, and various Figures cast,  
 But ah! no Help, and Time did swiftly wast.

Tell, sacred Moon, what first did raise my Flame,  
 And whence my Pain, and whence my Passion came?

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*At last I told my Maid the naked Truth,  
Go, Thestylis, have Pity on my Youth;  
Go find some Cure to ease my raging Smart;  
Young Delphid is the Tyrant of my Heart.  
Go to the Fencing-House, there's his Delight,  
For there he walks, and there he loves to sit.*

*Tell, sacred Moon, what first did raise my Flame,  
And whence my Pain, and whence my Passion came?*

*And if alone, give him a gentle Nod,  
And softly tell him, that Samætha would  
(Speak, speak, tho' modest Fear doth strike thee dumb)  
Enjoy him here, and beg him he would come.  
She went, she found, and told him what I said;  
He gladly heard, and eagerly obey'd.*

*But when he came, how great was the Surprise!  
Chills shook my Soul, and I grew cold as Ice.*

*Tell, sacred Moon, what first did raise my Flame,  
And whence my Pain, and whence my Passion came?*

*Cold Sweat flow'd down my Cheeks, like driving Rain,  
And when I strove to speak, I strove in vain;  
No Noise would come, not such as lull'd in Rest  
Young Infants, murmur o'er their Mother's Breast;  
No Sign of Life did thro' my Limbs appear,  
But I grew stiff, stiff as this Gold I wear.*

*Tell, sacred Moon, what first did raise my Flame,  
And whence my Pain, and whence my Passion came?*

*Then cruel he sat down, he press'd my Bed,  
His Eyes were fix'd, and as he sat, he said,  
Samætha, you do me as far surpass,*

*As I Philistus, when we ran the Race;  
Too quick for me in this your kind Intent,  
You did my Haste, tho' not my Wish prevent.*

*Tell, sacred Moon, what first did raise my Flame,  
And whence my Pain, and whence my Passion came?*

*For I had come at Night; by Love, 'tis true;  
Unsent for, I had come to wait on you;*

With

With Apples in my Lap, with \* Poplar crown'd,  
 With Ivy twin'd, and Ribbons neatly bound ;  
*Tell, sacred Moon, what first did raise my Flame,*  
*And whence my Pain, and whence my Passion came ?*  
 Where, if admitted, 't had been kindly done,  
 For I am thought the Beauty of the Town ;  
 And tho' perhaps I wish'd for greater Bliss,  
 I would have been contented with a Kiss ;  
 But if deny'd, or flam'd with dull Delay,  
 Streight Fire and Force had come, and broke away.

*Tell, sacred Moon, what first did raise my Flame,*  
*And whence my Pain, and whence my Passion came ?*  
 But now to Venus my first Thanks are due ;  
 The next, Samætha, must be paid to you :  
 To you, Samætha, you, whose gentle Hand  
 From raging Fires secur'd the flaming Brand,  
 And sav'd poor half-burnt me ; for Love can raise  
 Fires fierce as those that in hot *Ætna* blaze.

*Tell, sacred Moon, what first did raise my Flame,*  
*And whence my Pain, and whence my Passion came ?*  
 He tender Maids to unknown Madness drives,  
 And forces from warm Husbands Arms their Wives.  
 Thus he, and heedless I, believ'd too soon ;  
 He press'd my Hand in his, and laid me down  
 On the soft Bed, when streight lock'd Arm in Arm,  
 In strict Embraces both grew gently warm ;  
 Our Breath was hot and short, we panting lay,  
 We look'd, we murmur'd, and we dy'd away.  
 Our Cheeks did glow, and fainting Virtue strove,  
 At last it yielded to the Force of Love.  
 But what need all this Talk ? Bright sacred Moon,  
 Both were well pleas'd, and some strange Thing was done ;  
 And ever since we lov'd, and liv'd at Ease,  
 No sullen Minutes broke our Happiness ;

\*Till

---

\* This was the Custom to wait on their Beloved with these Love-Toys, as Apples and Garlands, to perform their Ceremony call'd *drachnōis*. His was to be of Poplar, as besting a Wrestler, being a Tree sacred to Hercules.

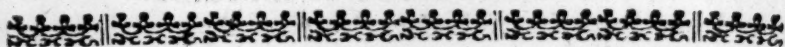


'Till soon this Morning, e'er the Sun could rise,  
 And drive his Chariot thro' the yielding Skies,  
 To fetch the Rosy Morn from Waves below,  
 I heard the fatal News, and knew my Woe.  
 My *Maid's* own *Mother*, she that lives hard by,  
 An honest Woman, and she scorns to lie;  
 She came and ask'd me, Is your *Delphid* kind?  
 And have you firm Possession of his Mind?  
 For I am sure, but whether *Maid* or *Boy*,  
 I cannot tell, he courts *another* Joy:  
 For he drinks *Healths*; and when those *Healths* are past,  
 He must be gone, and goes away in Haste.  
 Besides, with Garlands all his Rooms are drest,  
 And he prepares, as for a Marriage-Feast.  
 This, as she walk'd last Night, she chanc'd to view,  
 And told it me, and oh! I fear 'tis true;  
 For *he* was wont to come twice, thrice a Day,  
 He saw me still as he return'd from Play;  
 But now, since *he* was here twelve Nights are past;  
 Am I forgotten? Am I left at last?  
 Whilst *perjur'd* he for other Beauty burns,  
 My Love, I'm sure, deserv'd more kind Returns:  
 But now I'll charm; but if he scorns me still,  
 I'll force him down to Hell; by *Fate*, I will.  
 Such pow'rful Drugs a *Witch* did once impart,  
 She taught me such strange Charms, such Force of Art.  
 But now farewell, bright *Moon*, turn lovely Moon,  
 To Waves below, and drive thy Chariot down.  
 Go, lovely *Moon*, and wake the sleepy Morn;  
 I'll bear my Trouble still, as I have born.  
 Farewel, and you attending Stars, that wheel  
 Round Night's black Axle-tree; bright Stars, farewell.



## IDYLLIUM III.

## The GOATHERD.



*He repines at the Coyneſs of his Miſtreſs, and ends in Deſpair.*

I Go to *Phyllis*, and on yonder Rock  
 My Goats are fed, and *Tityrus* keeps my Flock.  
 Dear *Tityrus* watch, and ſee the Goats be fed,  
 To Morning Paſtures, Evening Waters led;  
 But 'ware the *Lybian* Ridgling's butting Head.  
 Ah! lovely *Phyllis*, why ſo wond'rous coy?  
 Why won't you take me to the promis'd Joy?  
 Why won't you meet me now in yonder Grove?  
 Lean on my Breſt, and kiſs, and call me Love?  
 Doſt hate me, *Phyllis*? Does my Noſe, when near,  
 Seem hook'd, too long my Beard, and rough my Hair?  
 Am I deform'd? diſpleaſing to thy Eye?  
 Grown ugly now? I ſee that I muſt die.  
 Ten Apples I have ſent, you ſhew'd the Tree,  
 Ten more to Morrow; all I pluck for thee.  
 Could I enjoy whate'er my Wiſh can crave,  
 I'd turn that *Bee* that flies into thy Cave;  
 There ſoftly thro' thy ſhady Garland creep,  
 And ſteal a Kiſs when you are faſt aſleep.  
 I know what Love is now, a cruel God,  
 A Tygreſs bore, and nurſ'd him in a Wood;  
 A cruel God, he ſhoots thro' ev'ry Vein,  
 And fires my Bones; have Pity on my Pain.

Dear black-ey'd Sweet, all Stone, ah! lovely Face,  
 Be kind again, and grant one kind Embrace:  
 Do, claſp thy humble Swain, and grant one Kiſs;  
 Ev'n empty Kiſſes have a ſecret Blifs.

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I rave, and I shall tear the Crowns I made  
 Of fragrant Parsly twin'd, to grace your Head.  
 Ah! me, unhappy me, what Pains I bear?  
 Ah! me, undone! yet you refuse to hear.  
 My Jerkin's off, I'll leap into the Flood  
 From yon high Rock, where *Olpis* often stood  
 To snare his Trouts; and tho' I do not drown,  
 'Twill please thee, *Phyllis*, sure, to hear 'twas done.  
 All this I knew, when I design'd to prove,  
 Whether I should be happy in my Love:  
 I press'd the *Long-live*, but in vain did press;  
 It gave no lucky Sound of good Success.  
 To *Agrio* too I made the same Demand;  
 A cunning Woman she, I cross'd her Hand:  
 She turn'd the Sieve and Sheers, and told me true,  
 That I should love, but not be lov'd by you.  
 I have a pretty Goat, a lovely white,  
 She bears two Kids, yet fills three Pails at Night.  
 This tawny *Bess* hath begg'd, and begg'd in vain;  
 But now 'tis her's, since you my Gifts disdain.  
 My right Eye itches now; and shall I see  
 My Love? I'll sit and p p e by yonder Tree,  
 And she may look on me, she may be won,  
 She may be kind, she is not perfect Stone.  
 When young *Hippomanes* sought the Maid's Embrace,  
 He took the Golden Fruit, and ran the Race:  
 But when she view'd, how strong was the Surprise!  
 Her Soul took Fire, and sparkled thro' her Eyes.  
 How did her Passions, how her Fury move!  
 How soon she leap'd into the deepest Love!  
 From *Ætna's* Top, to *Pyle Melampus* drove  
 His tender Flock, and met a noble Love;  
 Wife *Alphisb's* Mother open'd all her Charms  
 To *Bias* Eyes, and wanton'd in his Arms.  
*Adonis* liv'd a Swain, and yet the Boy  
 Fir'd *Venus* Breast: She prov'd so mad for Joy,  
 That in her Lap she warm'd his dying Head,  
 Kiss'd his cold Lips, and would not think him dead.



Tho' young *Endymion* fed ten thousand Sheep,  
 I envy nothing, but his lasting Sleep.  
 I envy *Jafon's* happy Dreams, my Dear ;  
 They tasted Joys which no Prophane must hear ;  
 Joys too divine for an unhallow'd Ear.  
 Ah! me, my Head! but who regards my Pain?  
 I'll fall, despair, and never pipe again.  
 A Prey to Wolves, 'twill be a dainty Feast,  
 And sweeter far than Honey to thy Taste.

OO OO OO OO OO OO OO + OO OO OO OO OO OO OO OO OO OO

## IDYLLIUM IV.

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*Battus and Corrydon, in a pastoral Way, discourse of  
 several Things.*

To his good Friend, Mr. E. LYDE of Horspath.

B. **W** Hese Herds? *Philonda's*? Tell whose Herds they <sup>(are.</sup>  
 C. *Ægon's*; for *Ægon* gave them to my Care.  
 B. Don't you play false, and sometimes milk a Cow  
 By Stealth? C. No, my old Master eyes me so,  
 Gives the Calves Suck, and watches what I do.  
 B. But where is *Ægon*? Where's the Herds-man gone?  
 C. What, ha'n't you heard? for sure the Story's known.  
 B. Not I, I live out of the Road of Fame.  
 C. *Milo* hath drawn him to th' *Olympian* Game.  
 B. And what will he do there, rude artless Swain?  
 C. But yet his Strength is fam'd o'er all the Plain;  
 As big as *Hercules*, as stout and strong.  
 B. More known for brutal Force, than fam'd for Song.  
 C. He ne'er play'd Cudgels, but he broke a Head;  
 Stout *Castor's* Match, I'm sure, my Mother said.

A Score of \* Sheep he carry'd, and a Spade.  
 B. What will not *Milo* do, that can persuade  
 This Clown to leave his Wealth, and court a Shade?  
 C. His Cows here want him, and mourn o'er the Plain.  
 B. Poor Beasts ! and how unhappy in a Swain !  
 C. Poor Beasts ! they will not eat, but idly low.  
 B. Ah, careless Herds-man ! look on yonder Cow ;  
 Poor Beast, I pity her, how vastly thin !  
 Her Bones are creeping thro' the famish'd Skin.  
 See, you may tell her Ribs, her Entrails view ;  
 Does she, like Insects, feed upon the Dew ?  
 C. No ; and I hope to see her shortly prove,  
 She sometimes doth in *Latym's* shady Grove,  
 And sometimes o'er *Asaru's* Pastures stray,  
 And there I feed her at a Rack of Hay.  
 B. Look, that red Bull is lean, mere Skin and Bone ;  
 May the *Lampridæ*, when they would atone  
 Great *Juno's* Anger, meet with such a one ;  
 Lean be his aged Flesh, corrupt his Blood,  
 'Tis fit for them, a vile unhappy Brood.  
 C. And yet I feed him, by the Springs he goes,  
 Or in *Neætha's* Plains, where Plenty flows,  
 The Gilcup Cowslip, and the Dazy grows.  
 B. Ah, wretched *Ægon*, here thy Oxen die,  
 While you, for vain, uncertain Prizes try.  
 Thy best new Pipe is spoil'd, 'tis mouldy grown ;  
 Alas, it must be spoil'd now thou art gone.  
 C. No Fear of that ; for when he went away,  
 He gave it me, and, *Battus*, I can play :  
 I sing smooth *Pyrrius* Songs, I gain Renown  
 To *Croto*, *Zacynth* is a pretty Town ;  
*Lacinius* rises proudly to the East,  
 There *Ægon* once eat eighty Cakes at least.  
 There did I see him, whilst he bravely strove,  
 Draw down the Bull, and give him to his Love,  
 To *Amaryllis* ; all with Joy were fill'd,  
 The Women shouted, and the Herds-man smil'd.

B 3

B. Ah,

\* For Diet and Exercise before he wrestled.

B. Ah, lovely *Amaryllis*, you alone

Do still possess my Mind, tho' dead and gone ;

Dear as my Goats you dy'd, and left me here ;

Ah me, how hard's my Fate, and how severe !

C. Cheer up, dear *Battus*, better Days may come ;

To Morrow, chance, may bring a milder Doom.

The Living hope, the Dead are hopeless, lost ;

*Jove* sometimes *smiles*, and sometimes *frowns* in Frost.

B. I do cheer up ; but drive your Heifers down,

They spoil my Olives, *Browning*, hilt, be gone.

C. Hah, *Colly*, to the Bank ; not stir ! by *Jove*,

If I come to ye, in Faith, I'll make ye move.

See now she runs this Way ; a curs'd Cow !

Had I my Paddle, thou should'st feel me now.

B. Look here, for God's Sake, oh, it pricks, it pricks,

I've caught a Thorn, oh me, how deep it sticks !

Pray pull it out, dost see it ? Look 'tis there ;

Pox take the Cow, I'm sure 'twas long of her.

C. I have it out, 'twas this ; come, all is well.

B. How small the Wound, yet what vast Courage fell !

C. Ne'er walk o'er Mountains, *Swain*, without your Shoe ;

For there are Thorns, and there sharp Prickles grow.

B. But, *Swain*, does thy old Master still pursue

His old Sweet-heart ? or doth he court a new ?

C. His old one still, poor Wretch ! In yonder Grove

I trac'd, and found them in a Scene of Love.

B. Oh, brave old lusty Goat ! thy wanton Gust

May vie with *Pan's*, or with the *Satyr's* Lust.

IDYLLIUM





IDYLLIUM V.



*The Goatherd Comatas, and Herds-man Laco, contend in Singing; they lay a Wager, and chuse Morso Judge. The Victory is determin'd on the Goatherd's Side.*

To OWEN SALISBURY, Esq;

**C.** FLY, Goats, fly, *Laco*, fly, and safely feed;  
He stole my Skin last Night, dear Goats, take heed.  
**L.** Lambs, don't you fly the Springs; Lambs, don't you fear,

When he that lately stole my Pipe's so near.

**C.** Thy Pipe! what Pipe had'st thou, thou slavish Lout,  
Could'st thou and *Corydon* do ought but toot  
On Oaten Straws, to please the foolish Rout? }

**L.** The Pipe that *Lycon* gave, free haughty Fool;  
But pray what Skin was that that that *Laco* stole?  
What Skin, *Comatas*? where could'st thou have one?  
Thy Master wants a Skin to sleep upon.

**C.** That spotted Skin, which, when he kill'd a Goat,  
*Dick* gave the Nymphs; which you, you envious Son,  
Then griev'd to see; and now, by knavish Theft,  
Hast robb'd me of; 'twas all that I had left.

**L.** By *Pan*, not *Laco*, not *Calathis* Son,  
Did steal thy ~~Pipe~~<sup>Skin</sup>, or know by whom 'twas done.

If this ben't true, may I grow frantick, leap  
From yonder Rocks, and sink into the Deep.

**C.** And by the Fountain, Nymphs, (those Nymphs I find  
To all my Pray'rs, and all my Wishes kind)

*Comatas* did not steal thy Pipe; believe  
That this is true, and I thy Fault forgive.

**L.** If I believe thee, may I bear the Pains  
That *Daphnis* bore; but since you boast your Strains,  
Come,

Come, stake a Goat, I'll pipe when e'er you will,  
'Till you grow weary, and confess my Skill.

C. A Sow, *Minerva* ; I'm content to lay

A Kid, you stake a Lamb, and then let's play.

L. And how's that equal ? Oh, you crafty Fool,

Pray who Goats Hair did ever sheer for Wooll ?

C. He that's as sure as you are to excel ;

(Tho' Wasps with Grass-hoppers may strive as well)

But since you think a Kid no equal Stake,

Look there's a full-grown Goat, you shan't draw back.

L. Soft, soft, good Sir, and let us hence remove,

There's better singing in that shady Grove ;

For there *cold Water* flows, there sweet Herbs spring,

And there are grassy Beds, and Locusts sing :

C. I'm not in Haste ; but yet I'm vex'd to see,

That thou should'st dare at last to strive with me ;

With me, who when a Boy did teach thee Strains ;

Are these the kind Returns for all my Pains ?

But breed a Wolf, or an ungrateful Bear,

And he'll devour thee for thy former Care.

L. Pray when did I, you envious railing Sor,

E'er learn, or hear from you, one graceful Note ?

But pray come hither, here are Beds of Grass,

And here we'll sing, 'tis a convenient Place.

C. I'll not go thither, here are Cypress Bowers,

Here labouring Bees buz o'er the rising Flowers ;

Here *two cold Streams*, and here a Fountain flows,

And the Birds talk, and murmur thro' the Boughs.

Thy Shade's not half so good, here Pines do grow,

Rear lofty Heads, and scatter Nuts below.

L. No, rather go with me, and ev'ry Step

Shall tread on *Lamb-skins* Wooll, more soft than Sleep ;

In thine are *Goat-skins* spread, of gasty Hue,

They smell as rank, nay, almost worse than you.

One Bowl of Milk I to the *Nymphs* will crown,

And one of Oil, if that will draw thee on.

C. No, go with me, for mine are fairer Bowers ;

There thou shalt tread upon the sweetest Flowers :

Besides,

Besides, o'er all I'll spread a lovely Skin,  
'Tis ten times softer, and as sweet as thine.

Eight Bowls of Milk to *Pan* I'll freely crown,  
Of Honey eight, if that will draw thee on.

*L.* Come then, I'll go, the Doubt at last is clear'd,  
Your Skins, your Shades, shall be for once preferr'd ;  
But who shall judge, and who shall hear us play ?  
I wish the Herds-man *Licop* came this Way.

*C.* I don't care much for him ; but here's as good,  
*Morfon*, the Keeper of our Master's Wood,  
He makes your Faggots ; and if you'll consent,  
We'll call him, he shall be our Judge. *L.* Content.

*C.* Then call him. *L.* Friend, come here, we now contest  
Which tunes the rural Pipe, which sings the best ;  
Whose Art is greatest, must be judg'd by thee ;  
Judge right, and neither favour him nor me.

*C.* No, *Morfon*, let Desert thy Judgment guide,  
Be fair to both, and lean to neither Side ;  
This Flock is *Thurinus* Flock, and these, Forsooth,  
*Eumara's* Goats, that you may know us both.

*L.* Did any ask to whom these Flocks belong,  
To me, or *Thurinus* ? oh, thou hast a Tongue !

*C.* What e'er I say, I'm sure is nought but Truth :  
I scorn to boast ; but you've a railing Mouth.

*L.* Sing, sing, but let thy Friend return again  
Alive, *Comatas* ! Oh, how sweet a Swain !

*C.* Me more than *Daphnis* all the *Muses* love,  
Two Kids I lately offer'd in a Grove.

*L.* And me *Apollo* loves, a wanton Steer  
I feed for Sacrifice, his Feast is near.

*C.* I milk two Goats ; a Maid in yonder Plain  
Look'd on, and sigh'd, *Dost milk thy self, poor Swain ?*

*L.* Ha, *Laco*, hah ! full twenty Vats can fill  
With Cheese, and bath a lovely Youth at Will.

*C.* The fair *Calistris*, as my Goats I drove,  
With Apples pelts me, and still murmurs Love :

*L.* And me, smooth *Cratid*, when he meets me, fires ;  
I burn, I rage, and am all wild Desires.

*C.* Who



C. Who with the Rose, whose Flow'r the Bush adorns,  
Compares the meaner Beauties of the Thorns?

L. And who will *Sloes* with *Damzen-Plumbs* compare?  
For those are *black*, and these are *lovely* fair.

C. I'll give my Dear a *Dove*; in yonder Woods  
I'll climb, and take her down, for there she broods.

L. A *Fleece* to make a Coat, when first I shear  
Black Rams, I will present unto my Dear.

C. Goats from the Olives, come and feed below,  
By this declining Bank, there Myrtles grow.

L. Ho, *Sharp-horn*, *Browning*, leave those hurtful Weeds,  
And come and graze this Way, where *Colly* feeds.

C. I have a *Cypress*'s Pail and Cup; 'tis new,  
Well wrought, and this, my Love, I keep for you.

L. I have a sturdy *Spock*, it Wolves will seize;  
With this my Boy may hunt what Beasts he please.

C. You *Locusts*, you that o'er my Fences throng,  
Hurt not my *Vines* too much, for they are young.

L. See, *Grass-hoppers*, see how I nearly touch  
The *Goatherd*, Reapers you provoke as much.

C. I hate the *brush-tail'd Fox*; he comes at Night,  
Eats *Myco's* Vines, and then prepares for Flight.

L. I hate the *Beetles*, for they always prey  
On my *Philonda's* Figs, then whisk away.

C. And don't you mind, when I—you know the Trick,—  
You wanton'd, laugh'd, and clung to yonder Stick.

L. Not that; but when your Master us'd to bind,  
And lash you there, I know; for that I mind.

C. He's angry, *Morfon*; art thou, frantick Swain?  
Go gather, *Scilla*, that will purge thy Brain.

L. *Morfon*, I nettle him, I vex him more;  
Swain, thou art mad, go gather *Helebore*.

C. With Milk *Himera*, and let *Crathis* flow  
With purple Wine; let Figs on Brambles grow.

L. Let *Sybaris* rowl Honey; every Urn  
My Servant dips, with flowing Combs return.

C. My Goats eat Thyme, on Figs they freely brouze,  
They walk on Flags, and lye on tender Boughs.

L. My

L. My Sheep eat Parsly, thro' the Fields they stray;  
They crop sweet Flow'rs and Dazies all the Day.

C. I love not *Alcipp*; (she I hop'd would prove  
More kind) when I presented her a Dove,  
She clasp'd me not, nor kiss'd, nor call'd me Love. }

L. I love *Eumedes* much; I gave my Pipe;  
How sweet a Kifs he gave! Ah! charming Lip.

C. Thou art contentious, *Lacon*; end thy Strains;  
Pyes should not strive with Thrushes, Owls with Swans.

MORSON.

End, Shepherd, end thy Strains, and die for Shame,  
For *Morson* says *Comatas* wins the Lamb.  
Go, offer to the Muse, and send a Piece  
To *Morson*, for he claims it as his Fees.

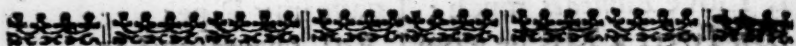
COMATAS.

I will, by *Pan*, my Goats all leap for Joy;  
And I'll frisk too, I'll leap into the Sky.  
I'll toot at *Lacon*; I have won the Lamb;  
Go, foolish Shepherd, pine, and die for Shame.  
Frisk, Goats, and leap; in *Sybaris* purling Spring  
I'll wash you all, and all the while I'll sing.  
Push not the Kids, you Goat, 'till I have done  
The Sacrifice; if you dare push but one,  
Thou shalt--How now? Well, thou shalt smart for this;  
Or may *Comatas*, he that won the Prize,  
Forget his Pipe, and loose his Flock, be poor,  
And basely beg his Bread at *Laco's* Door.





## IDYLLIUM VI.



*Damætas and Daphnis, meeting at Noon, sing; Daphnis applies his Song to Polyphemus, who was in Love with Galatæa, and Damætas in his Person answers.*

To THOMAS WYNDHAM of Lincolns-Inn, Esq;

**D***Amætas*, and the Herds-man *Daphnis*, drove  
Their Flocks to feed, and took one shady Grove;  
The one was bearded, of a charming Grace,  
The other young, Down cloath'd his lovely Face.  
They sat and wanton'd by a purling Spring  
In Mid-day Heat, and thus began to sing.  
The lowing Herds lay round, and quench'd their Thirst;  
First *Daphnis* sang, for he had challeng'd first.

## DAPHNIS.

Fair *Galatæa*, from the smiling Deep,  
With Apples, *Polyphemus* pelts thy Sheep;  
(See from the Shore they all with Haste remove)  
And says a Goatherd's an unskilful Love.  
But you, poor Wretch, ah! Wretch, ne'er view the Maid,  
But sit and pipe, and call to Floods for Aid.  
See there again, see how she pelts thy *Spock*,  
The faithful Dog that keeps thy wand'ring Flock.  
Hah! how he barks! and, in a wild Amaze,  
Lookso'er the Flood; and whilst by Shores he strays,  
His Shadow in the quiet Water plays. }  
Ah! call him back, lest when the Maid appears,  
He rushes on, and her fair Limbs he tears:  
But there she wantons, she, the charming Fair,  
As Down of Thistles in the Summer Air;  
And driven still by an unlucky Fate,  
Flies those that love, and follows those that hate.

Her



# Of THEOCRITUS.

25

Her Ways are foolish, and in vain she tries;  
But mean Things, *Polyphemus*, oft surprize,  
For Love is Magick, and deceives the Eyes.

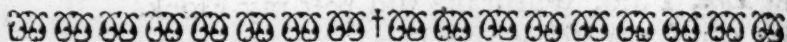
DAMÆTAS.

And next *Dametas* sang; I chanc'd to look,  
By *Pan*, I did, whilst she did pelt my Flock.  
She could not 'scape this Eye, this single one,  
By which I see, and will 'till Life is gone.  
Tho' *Tellemus* foretels strange Ills to come;  
Oh! let him take, and keep his Ills at Home,  
And for his Children, treasure up the Doom.  
But streightways I, to raise her Flame the more,  
Seem not to see her trace the yielding Shore;  
But can pretend another charms my Eyes;  
Then how she frets, good God! and how she dies!  
Oh! with what eager Haste she leaves the Waves!  
My Folds she searches, and looks o'er my Caves.  
Besides, my Dog, he is at my Command,  
Shall bark at her, and gently bite her Hand;  
For whilst she was my Love, the only She,  
He fawn'd, and laid his Head upon her Knee.  
This, if I practise long, she'll strive to move,  
And send a Message to declare her Love:  
But I will shut my Door, and scorn to heed,  
Unless she swears that she will grant her Bed;  
For I'm not ugly, for last Night I stood  
And view'd my Figure in a quiet Flood.  
Let Men say what they will, my Face is fair,  
My Beard is fine, I'm sure, and neat my Hair;  
And this one Eye, in my Opinion, rare.  
I have a Set of Teeth, a finer White  
No *Parian* Marble boasts, a lovely Sight:  
But lest she charm me, I have murmur'd thrice,  
Spit thrice; for old *Cotytto* taught me this;  
She that of late in rich *Hyppocoon's* Room,  
Sat midst the Reapers, and sang Harvest Home.  
Thus sang *Dametas*, and with eager Joy  
Young *Daphnis* kiss'd, and clasp'd the lovely Boy.

C

I

I gave them Gifts that suited with their Youth;  
A Pipe and Flute; and so I pleas'd them both.  
The jocund Heifers wanton'd o'er the Fields,  
Whilst both unconquer'd stand, and neither yields.



## IDYLLIUM VII.



Theocritus *was entertain'd by Phrasidamus and Antigones, Licop's Sons, and invited into the Country to a Feast they then kept. As he was going, he meets Lycidas, the Cretan, and each sings of his Love.*

To Mr. THOMAS CURGANVEN.

NOW Ceres Feast was come, the Corn was grown,  
When I and dear *Eumedes* left the Town;  
*Amyntas* made a third; we all design'd  
To pay a Visit to a special Friend,  
Rich *Licop's* Son, for then he kept the Feast,  
And kindly bad me be a welcome Guest.  
Rich *Licop's* Son, the Glory of the Plains,  
For gen'rous Blood runs thro' his noble Veins;  
From *Chalco* down it came, the Brave, the Bold,  
And gather'd still fresh Honours as it roll'd.  
From *Chalco* down, that he, by whose Command  
The *Bourian* Spring o'erflows the fruitful Land,  
Around it Dazies grow, and all above  
Tall Poplars spread, and form a shady Grove.  
Scarce had we gone thro' half the neighb'ring Plain,  
By *Brasil's* Tomb we met a musing Swain:  
His Name was *Lycidas*, the gay, the young,  
A *Cretan* born, and fam'd for rural Song.

Soon

Soon as we saw him, he by all was known  
To be a *Goatherd*, for he look'd like one;  
For o'er his Shoulders hairy Skins were spread,  
They smelt as newly tann'd, or newly head.  
A tatter'd Mantle o'er his Breast was cast,  
And ty'd with an old Girdle to his Waist.  
His right Hand with a knotty Crab was fill'd;  
He look'd on me, and as he look'd, he smil'd;  
Gay, vig'rous, sweet, and in the Pride of Youth,  
And as he spake, a Smile sat on his Mouth.

Where, *Smichidas*, where now at burning Noon?  
What urgent Business makes thee leave the Town,  
Whilst bleating Flocks in Shades avoid the Heats,  
And ev'ry Lizzard to his Hole retreats?  
What Feast invites? or, now I view your Dress,  
Who treads his Grapes, and calls you to the Press?  
Hark, how at ev'ry Step, you walk so fast,  
The Stones resound, and tell you are in Haste.

And I reply'd, Dear Glory of the Plains,  
How great, how just a Praise commends thy Strains?  
Dear skilful Piper, Fame does loudly tell,  
That you the Reapers and the Swains excel;  
I'm glad on'r, tho' I think I pipe as well. }  
We go to *Ceres* Feast, this Way we bend,  
And make a Visit to a special Friend;  
He keeps it now, for she hath throng'd his Floor,  
And pays the early Tributes of his Store.  
But since we walk one Way, since Time perswades,  
And we are far remov'd from gloomy Shades,  
Let's pipe and wanton as we walk along,  
For we may please each other with a Song;  
For I can sing, and by our flatt'ring Youth  
I'm prais'd, and call'd the charming *Muse's* Mouth:  
They say I pipe the best, and would deceive  
By Praise, but I'm not easy to believe.  
My Songs are mean, my Pipe claims no Repute,  
Compar'd to *Scel's* or *Phileta's* Flute.  
They me, and thus convince the flatt'ring Vogue,  
As *Locusts* Tunes excel the croaking Frog.



Thus I design'dly ; then he smil'd, and said,  
 What Glories, *Smichidas*, adorn thy Head ?  
 Here, take this Club, this Token of my Love ;  
 'Tis justly thine, thou Care of mighty *Jove*.  
 I hate the *Mæsen* that, to boast his Skill,  
 Would raise a House to equal yonder Hill ;  
 And those that rival the *Sicilian* Swain,  
 I hate as much, and think their Hopes as vain.  
 But come, let's sing the Song I lately made ;  
 My Goats fed round, and wanton'd as I play'd.  
 See if you like it ; it hath pleas'd the Swains,  
 And sounds the best and newest of the Plains.

Kind breathing Gales to *Mitylenian* Shores  
 Shall waft my *Agis*, *Nymphs* shall guide his Oars ;  
 Tho' rainy *South* Winds raise the angry Tides,  
 And rough *Orion* o'er the Storm presides ;  
 Oh ! would he ease my Pains, give just Returns,  
 And Love for Love, for him the *Goatherd* burns.  
 Let *Halcyons* smooth the Seas, the Storms allay,  
 And skim the Floods before him all the Way :  
 The Nymphs lov'd Bird, of all that haunt the Flood,  
 Skim o'er the Waves, and dive for swimming Food.  
 Let my dear *Agis* cut the angry Tide,  
 And reach his Port, and there securely ride ;  
 For then with Violets, or with Roses, crown'd,  
 I'll sport a Glass, and see his Health go round ;  
 I'll toast my Beans, to raise pall'd Appetite,  
 Make me drink on, and lengthen the Delight.  
 Whilst stretch'd on Beds, I'll spend my easy Hours,  
 And roul'till I have lost my self in Flowers :  
 Then to his Health I'll sport a lusty Bowl,  
 And pour dear *Agis* Love into my Soul.  
 Two Swains shall pipe, the best of all the Youth,  
 And skilful *Richard's* Voice shall join with both ;  
 How Herds-man *Daphnis* did for *Xenea* burn,  
 How trac'd the Woods, complaining of her Scorn ;  
 How Groves and Echoes to his Groans reply'd,  
 And smooth *Himera* murmur'd when he dy'd ;

For he, as Snow, when Summer heats the Grove  
Of *Ætna*, melted by the Flame of Love.

And how when Force weak Innocence oppress'd,  
The Swain was shut alive into a Chest ;  
And how the *lab'ring* Bees in ev'ry Plain  
Forsook their Flow'rs, and buz'd about the Swain,  
Because the *Muse* had fill'd his charming Mouth  
With *Nectar*, and preserv'd the pious Youth.  
Happy *Comatas*, happy thou, the blest  
And wond'rous Darling at the *Muses* Feast ;  
Full twelve Months nourish'd by the *lab'ring* Bee ;  
Oh ! had I then been born, and liv'd with thee ;  
Then had I fed thy Flock, and heard thy Pipe,  
Paid with a Tune, and hung upon thy Lip,  
Whilst by a shady Tree, or purling Spring,  
Divine *Comatas*, thou shouldst sit and sing.  
Thus he, then I, dear *Swain*, whilst o'er the Hill  
I drove the Herds, the *Muse* improv'd my Skill ;  
Sweet Tunes she taught, which Fame has rais'd above,  
And bore on high, to please the Ears of *Jove* :  
But this is choicest, which I'll now produce  
To pleasure thee, thou Darling of the *Muse*.  
Love sneez'd on *Smichid*, for he *Myrto* loves  
As much as Goats the Spring, or Swains the Groves ;  
*Aratus* too, his dearest Friend and Joy,  
His dear *Aratus* deeply loves the Boy ;  
And this sweet *Acis* knows, the gay, the young ;  
*Acis*, a Theme for great *Apollo's* Song.  
He knows how dear *Aratus* loves, he knows  
How great his Flame, and how his Passion grows.  
*Pan*, green *Homala's* Guardian, move the coy,  
The soft *Philius*, and inflame the Boy ;  
Grown wanton, gay, and lavish of his Charms,  
Uncall'd for, let him fly into his Arms.  
Ye smiling Loves, fair *Venus* soft Delight,  
Like ruddy Apples, pleasing to the Sight,  
Leave *Byblis's* Fountain, leave her purling Streams,  
That scorch the Fields with her forbidden Flames,

And shoot *Philinus*, wound his stubborn Mind;  
 Shoot, for he shews no Pity to his Friend;  
 Tho' soft as Parsly, tender as the Vine,  
 And oh! that he would clasp his Arms in mine.  
 Mean while the Women cry, and shake their Heads,  
 Ah! ah! *Philinus*, ah! thy Beauty fades:  
 But dear *Aratus* let's endure no more,  
 Forget our Love, and fly the hated Door;  
 And when the Cock calls forth the Morning Beams,  
 Let broken Slumbers, mix'd with frightful Dreams,  
 Disturb his Thoughts, and, by the neighb'ring Gate,  
 Ah! let him hang, and none bewail his Fate:  
 Let us mind Rest, and let's provide a Charm  
 To keep us safe, and free from future Harm.

These Songs we sung, and with a cheerful Smile  
 His *Crook* he gave me, to reward my Skill;  
 Take it, he said, 'tis mean, yet don't refuse,  
 It is a Pledge of Friendship from the *Muse*.  
 'This said, we parted; for in vain we prest,  
 We could not force him to the promis'd Feast.  
 There *Lycop's* Son, and all his Friends around,  
 With sweet *Amyntas* fate with *Roses* crown'd.  
 We lay, we wanton'd on a flow'ry Bed,  
 Where fragrant *Mastick*, and where Vines were spread,  
 And round us *Poplars* rais'd their shady Head.  
 Just by a Spring with pleasing Murmurs flow'd,  
 In ev'ry Bush and Thicket of the Wood  
 Sweet *Insects* sang, and sighing *Turtles* coo'd.  
 The lab'ring Bees buzz'd round the purling Spring,  
 Their Honey gather'd, and forgot their Sting.  
 Sweet Summer's choicest Fruits, and Autumn's Pride,  
 Pears by our Head, and Apples by our Side,  
 Lay round in Heaps, and loaden Plumbs did stand  
 With bending Boughs, to meet the reaching Hand.  
 To please us more, he pierc'd a Cask of Wine,  
 'Twas four Years old, and from a noble Vine.  
*Castalian Nymphs*, ye *Nymphs* that still reside  
 On steep *Parnassus*, and command his Pride,

Did



Did e'er old *Chiron*, did he e'er produce  
For great *Alcides*, such rich Bowls of Juice?  
Did *Polyphem*, the vast *Sicilian* Swain,  
That darted Mountains o'er the frighted Main,  
Drink Wine like this? Did e'er such Bowls advance  
His *Love-sick* Thoughts, and raise him to a Dance?  
As then you gladly mix'd to ev'ry Guest,  
And pour'd on *Cere's* Altars at her Feast?  
Oh, may she often fill the fruitful Plain,  
And may I tread the Reeks, and fix the Fan;  
Whilst joyful she with Smiles just Thanks receives,  
And holds in either Hand full bending Sheaves.



IDYLLIUM VIII.



*Daphnis and Menalcas sing for a Wager; a Goatherd is chosen Judge, who determines Daphnis's Song to be the best.*

TO RICHARD HICKES, of the Middle Temple,  
Esq;

THE Herds-man *Daphnis* walking o'er the Plain,  
The gay *Menalcas* met, a Shepherd Swain;  
Both yellow Locks adorn'd, and both were young;  
Both rarely pip'd, and both divinely sung;  
Then first *Menalcas* rais'd his lovely Head,  
And spake, and smil'd on *Daphnis* as he said.  
*M.* Come, Herds-man *Daphnis*, will you pipe with me?  
I vow, I'm sure that I can conquer thee;  
I'm sure I can excel thee as I will.  
*D.* And *Daphnis* thus reply'd, You boast your Skill,  
*Mera'cas*, but I'm sure you can't excel;  
For pipe until you burst, I pipe as well.

*M.* And

*M.* And shall we try? *D.* Yes, Swain, I know my Skill;

*M.* And will you lay a Wager? *D.* Yes, I will.

*M.* What will you lay, what equal to our Fame?

*D.* I'll stake a *Calf*, you stake a full-grown *Lamb*.

*M.* I cannot stake a *Lamb*; for should I lose,

My *Father's* jealous, and my *Mother* cross;

These watch, they know how many *Lambs* I keep;

Both count my *Lambs* at Night, and one my *Sheep*.

*D.* What then? and what shall he that conquers, gain?

*M.* I have a Pipe, 'tis new, of sounding Cane,

Wax'd at both Ends; and tho' I'll stake no Prize

That is my *Father's*, yet I'll venture this.

*D.* And I have one, white Wax both Ends secures,

It sounds as well, and is as new as yours;

For when I made it, as I cleft the Reeds,

One prick'd me, look e'en now my Finger bleeds.

But since we venture, since such Pipes we lay,

What Man shall judge, and who shall hear us play?

*M.* We'll call that *Goatherd*, look, the Swain is near,

Our Dog barks at him, he, perhaps, will hear.

The *Shepherds* call'd, the *Goatherd* streight obey'd,

The *Goatherd* judg'd, and thus the *Shepherds* play'd.

*Menalcas* first, then *Daphnis* tun'd his Cane,

By Turns they sang, *Menalcas* first began.

*M.* Ye Vales, ye Springs that flow from distant Seas,

If e'er the sweet *Menalcas* Songs did please,

Then feed my *Lambs*; if *Daphnis* drives his Kine

To graze them here, feed his as well as mine.

*D.* Ye Herbs and Flowers, ye Glory of the Vales,

If *Daphnis* Songs are sweet as Nightingales,

Then feed my Herds; if thro' the flow'ry Mead

*Menalcas* drives, then let his *Lambs* be fed.

*M.* There Pastures flourish, there the Dugs do fill,

The *Lambs* are suckled, and the *Shepherds* smile,

Where my *Boy* comes; but when he leaves the Place,

The *Shepherd* withers o'er the fading Grass.

*D.* There *Sheep*, there *Goats* bear *Twins*, there lab'ring

Bees

Do fill their Hives, and there rise prouder Trees,

Where

Where *Milo* treads; but when he leaves the Place,  
The Herds-man withers, and the Herd decays.

*M.* O! Goat, the white Kid's Husband, stately Oaks;  
O! flat-nos'd Kids, make haste to purling Brooks!

For there he is, go, let the Boy be show'd,  
That *Proteus* fed his Sea-Calves, tho' a God.

*D.* Not *Pelop's* Land, not Heaps of Gold refin'd  
I wish, nor Swiftneſs to outstrip the Wind;

But let me sit and ſing by yonder Rock,  
Clasp thee, my Dear, and view my feeding Flock.

*M.* Rough Storms to Trees, to Birds th' treacherous Snare,  
Are frightful Evils, Springes to the Hare,  
Soft Virgins Love to Man; oh! mighty *Jove*,  
Not I alone, but thou haſt ſtoop'd to Love!

Thus ſang the Youths by Turns, and pleas'd the Swain,  
And thus *Menalcas* the laſt Part began.

*M.* Wolf, ſpare my Lambs, and let them ſafely bleat,  
For I am little, and my Fold is great.

How, *White-foot*, how ſo ſoon, ſo faſt aſleep?  
Is this your Care, do you thus watch my Sheep?

I Faith, you ſhall not ſleep, when one ſo young  
As I am, *Shepherd*, and engag'd in Song;

But feed, dear Flock, and crop the flow'ry Plain.  
Feed, never fear, the Graſs will grow again;

Fill well your Dugs, that when Night ſpreads her Veil,  
The Lambs may ſuck, and I may fill my Pail.

And next fair *Daphnis* ſang —

*D.* And as I drove my Herd, a lovely Maid  
Stood peeping from a Cave; ſhe ſmil'd, and ſaid,

*Daphnis* is lovely, ah! a lovely Youth;  
What Smiles, what Graces ſit upon his Mouth!

I made no ſharp Returns, but hung my Head,  
And went my Way, yet pleas'd with what ſhe ſaid.

Winds ſweetly murmur, the Steer ſweetly lows,  
Sweet is the Heifer's Voice, and ſweet the Cow's.

'Tis ſweet to lye in Shades, by purling Streams,  
In Summer's Heat, diſſolv'd in eaſy Dreams.

Acorns the Oaks, and Graſs commends the Plain;  
Fat Calves do grace the Cows, and Cows the Swain.

Thus



Thus sang the *Youths*, and thus the *Goatherd* said,

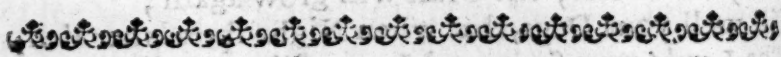
## GOATHERD.

Sweet is thy Voice, and sweet the Tunes you play'd.  
 Fair *Daphnis*, thro' my Ears thy Songs have past,  
 Sweet to the Mind, as Honey to the Taste;  
 And if you'll teach me, if instruct the Swain,  
 That *Goat* is thine, it shall reward thy Pain.  
 See how her Udder swells, it ne'er will fail,  
 And ev'ry Night it fills my largest Pail.  
 The Boy rejoyc'd, he leap'd with youthful Heat,  
 As sucking Colts leap when they swig the Teat:  
 The other griev'd, he hung his bashful Head,  
 As marry'd Virgins when first laid in Bed.

Thus *Daphnis* liv'd the Glory of the Plains,  
 Was thought the best, and lov'd by all the Swains;  
 And to compleat the Happiness of Life,  
 The lovely *Nais* blest'd him in a Wife.



## IDYLLIUM IX.



*A Shepherd invites Daphnis and Menalcas to sing; they  
 please him, and he rewards them both.*

To my Chum THOMAS LYDGOULD, M. A. of Wad-  
 ham-College.

Sing, *Daphnis*, sing, begin the rural Lay;  
 Begin, sweet *Daphnis*; next, *Menalcas*, play;  
 Mix Calves and Heifers, join the Bulls and Cows,  
 And let them feed, and wanton in the Boughs;  
 Whilst you begin, begin the rural Strain,  
 And next *Menalcas* sing, and cheer the Swain.  
*D.* Sweet is the Heifer's Sound, and sweet the Kine,  
 Sweet is the Pipe's, the Swain's, and sweet is mine.

By

By purling Streams I have a shady Bed,  
 And o'er white Heifers Skins are neatly spread ;  
 Ah, careless Herd ! they from a Mountain's side,  
 Ah, cruel Storm ! were blown, they fell, they dy'd.  
 And there I value *Summer's* burning Heats

No more than *Lovers* do their Father's Threats ;  
 Their *Mother's* kind Complaints, or Friend's Advice.  
 This *Daphnis* sang, and next *Menalcas* this.

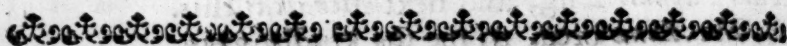
*M.* Me *Ætna* bred, to me she kindly gave,  
 'Midst hollow Rocks, a large and shady Cave ;  
 I live by pleasant Brooks, and purling Streams,  
 And have as much as e'er you saw in Dreams.  
 By me a thousand Goats, and Flocks are fed,  
 And Wooll lies round my Feet, and round my Head :  
 Soft Chitterlings afford me pleasing Food,  
 And when the Winter comes, I'm stor'd with Wood ;  
 So that I value *Cold* no more, not I,  
 Than toothless Men do Nuts, when *Pulse* is by.

I Clapt them both, to both Rewards I threw,  
 A Club that in my Father's Meadow grew,  
 To *Daphnis*, rude as from the Woods it fell,  
 And yet scarce Art could shape a Thing so well.  
 Then next *Menalcas* did a Shell receive,  
 The Flesh divided, was enough for five,  
 Caught in th' *Icarian* Flood ; he took the Shell,  
 And smil'd as pleas'd, and lik'd the Present well.  
 Hail, rural *Muses*, hail, produce the Strains  
 Which once I sang, and pleas'd the list'ning Swains ;  
 I'll boldly sing, nor 'midst my wondrous Song,  
 Shall Blisters rise, and gall my boasting Tongue.  
 The Hawks to Hawks are Friends, to Ewes the Ewes,  
 To Larks the Larks are Friends, to me the Muse ;  
 Oh ! may I hear them still ! the Weary sleep,  
 The Spring the Plough-man, shady Plains the Sheep,  
 Smooth Streams, and rising Flow'rs the labouring Bee,  
 Delight not half so much, as *Muses* me ;  
 On whom they look and smile, secure they prove  
 Fam'd *Circe's* Cup, nor fear the Force of Love.

IDYLLIUM



## IDYLLIUM X.



*Battus not Reaping as fast as he was wont, Milo asks him the Reason; Battus confesseth it was Love, and sings a Song in Praise of his Sweet-heart.*

*To my Chum Mr. HODY, of Wadham-College.*

MILO.

**A** H! labouring Reaper, Wretch! what ails thee now!  
 Thou can'st not reap as thou wer't wont to do;  
 Nor yet so fast; look, he hath rais'd a Cock;  
 You lag, as Sheep when prick'd behind the Flock.  
 What wilt thou do, poor Wretch, before 'tis Noon?  
 What wilt thou do e'er shady Night comes on,  
 Since, e'er one Land is cut, you fail so soon?  
*B.* Ah, *Milo*! thou can'st hold out all the Day,  
 But I'm grown weak, ah, Piece of flinty Clay!  
 Didst thou ne'er wish for One that was away?  
*M.* Not I, for what have I that work for Food,  
 To do with *Love*? He is an idle God.  
 Forget thy lazy Thoughts, soft Cares remove.  
*B.* Then, *Milo*, did you never wake for *Love*?  
*M.* And may it never, never break my Sleep,  
 For Dogs, once blooded, always run at Sheep.  
*B.* But I have lov'd these ten long Days, or more.  
*M.* A wealthy Man, enjoy thy fancy'd Store,  
 I am, and am contented to be poor.  
*B.* Hence 'tis that I'm o'er-run with lazy Ease,  
 My Fields neglected, and my Ploughs displease.

*M. But*



# OF THEOCRITUS.

37

*M.* But who thus wounds thee? *B. Moll*, the brisk, the gay,  
She sung our Song, and was our *Queen of May*.

*M.* Faith, rightly serv'd; pursue thy vain Delight,  
How that old *Fly* shall clasp thee all the Night!

*B.* You flout; not only *Pluto's* Eyes are lost,  
But vexing Love's; forbear, rude Swain, to boast.

*M.* I do not boast, but lay thy Handful down,  
Throw by thy Hook, unbend thy gather'd Frown,  
And sing (for you could sing) thy slender Fair,  
'Twill ease thy Labour, and divert thy Care.

## BATTUS.

With me, sweet *Muse*, the slender Maid rehearse;  
For all looks fair that you adorn with Verse.

*Bombyce* charming, Sun-burnt, gaily thin  
You seem to many Eyes, but *brown* to mine.

The letter'd *Daffadil*, and *Violet's* brown;  
Yet those are chiefest Graces of a Crown.

The Goats their Thyme, the Wolves the Goats pursue,  
The Crane the Plough, and I am mad for you.

Oh, had I *Crasus* Store, then both should shine,  
Two golden Statues fix'd in *Venus* Shrine!

Thy Hand should grace an Apple, Harp, or Rose,  
And me a dancing Garb, and gawdy Shoes.

*Bombyce* charming; oh, would'st thou be kind!

How sweet thy Voice! but who can tell thy Mind?

## MILLO.

Hah! we ne'er knew the Value of the Swain,

How well he measures, how he tunes his Strain!

Hah! no more Sense, and yet thy Beard so long!

But stay, and hear the sweet *Lytersa's* Song.

O, fruitful *Ceres*, bless this thriving Crop,

Increase, and make it larger than our Hope!

Ye Reapers, bind the Sheaves, lest some should say,

Ah, lazy Drones, they don't deserve their Pay;

Or to the North your Cocks, ye Reapers, rear;

Or to the South, those Winds increase the Ear.

Ye Clowns that winnow, never sleep at Noon;

For then the Chaff is loose, and quickly gone.

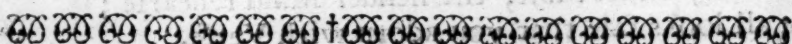
D

Reaper

*M. But*

Reapers should rise with Larks, and sleep when they  
 To Roost retire, but bear the Heat all Day.  
 Frogs Lives, my Boys, are bless'd ; for 'mid'st their Pool  
 They never want, their Cup is always full.  
 Boil, Steward, boil them whole, such Pinching's mean,  
 You'll cut your Hand whilst you divide a Bean.

Such Songs should Reapers sing, that toil and sweat,  
 That work at Noon, and bear the burning Heat ;  
 But starving Love should never vex thy Head,  
 Such Tales will bring thee to a Bit of Bread,  
 Tales for thy Mother, as she lies a Bed. }



## IDYLLIUM XI.



*He writes to a Physician, and tells him, that the Muses  
 are the only Remedy for Love, which he proves by the  
 Example of Polyphemus.*

*To Dr. PITT of Wadham-College.*

**I**N vain, *Learn'd Sir*, in vain is all your Art,  
 There is no *Physick* for a wounded Heart ;  
 No Herb can ease, no Salve the Pain remove,  
 There is no Cure for the Disease of Love,  
 Beside the *Muses* ; those are soft, and sweet,  
 And pleasing *Med'cines*, but are hard to get.  
 This, *Sir*, you know, whose Skill is next divine  
 In *Physick* ; you, the Darling of the Nine.  
 Thus *Polyphem* found Ease, the Gay, the Young,  
 He cur'd his raging Passion by a *Song* ;  
 No mean Degree of Love his Breast did fire,  
 He was all Fury, Rage, and wild Desire ;  
 This single Passion did his Mind controul,  
 And was the only Business of his Soul :

Oft

My Nose is flat, and even to my Face.

Ten Does I keep, and all to please my Dear.



Come, live with me, and I sincerely vow  
 That your Condition shan't be worse than now.  
 Forfake the Ocean, leave the angry Sea,  
 'Tis better sleeping in my Cave with me;  
 There Lawrels grow, and there black Ivy twines,  
 And blushing Clusters load the bended Vines:  
 There are cold Streams, which from the melting Snow  
 Hot *Ætna* sends, a Drink divine, below:  
 There all Things are by Nature form'd to please,  
 And who to this would e'er prefer the Seas?

But grant that I'm deform'd, unseemly, rough,  
 Yet I am rich, and I have Wood enough;  
 A constant blazing Flame still heats my Cave,  
 \* Tho' by this Eye, the dearest Thing I have,  
 I want no outward Heat, the fierce Desire  
 That burns my Breast, is a sufficient Fire.  
 Ah me! unhappy me! how Fate prevails!  
 Oh me! had I been born with Fins and Scales,  
 That I might dive to you, cut thro' the Deep,  
 And kiss your Hand, if you refuse your Lip;  
 Then would I Lillies white, and Roses bring,  
 And all the gawdy Glories of the Spring,  
 With Poppies blushing Leaves, tho' these do grow  
 In Summers Heat, and those in Frost and Snow.

Well, well, I'll learn to swim, next nimble Oars  
 That set a Sea-man on our fruitful Shores,  
 Shall teach me how to dive, that I may know  
 What Pleasure 'tis you take in Waves below.  
 Come forth, fair *Nymph*, come forth, and leave the Main,  
 And (as I now) ne'er mind thy Home again;  
 But feed the Flocks with me, or milk the Sheep,  
 Or run the Cheese, and never mind the Deep.  
 My Mother's crosses, her just Complaints pursue,  
 For she ne'er spoke in my Behalf to you,  
 Altho' she knew my Grief, saw ev'ry Day  
 How much I wasted, how I pin'd away.

---

\*I follow Heinſius.

## Of THEOCRITUS.

41

I'll tell, to fright her, that my Head, my Thigh,  
Are pain'd, that she might grieve as well as I.

O! *Cyclops*, *Cyclops*, are thy Senses flown!

Is all thy former Wit and Virtue gone?

Go, wreath thy Baskets, cut the tender Boughs  
To feed the Lambs, and milk the burden'd Cows:

Go mind thy Harvest-work, for that will prove,

Thy Wisdom greater, than this whining Love.

Take those that offer, and the Proud despise,

The willing love, and scorn the Maid that lies.

Come, leave this Fooling, leave this dull Despair,

Another Virgin thou shalt find as fair;

For many Maids invite me still to play,

And titter all, as pleas'd, when I obey.

Sure I am somewhat, they my Worth can see,

And I my self will now grow proud of me.

Thus *Polyphemus* cur'd his strong Disease,

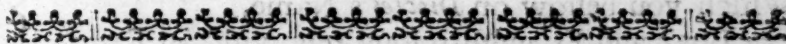
His Songs tam'd Love, and gave more certain Ease,

Than if he had implor'd the Doctor's Skill,

And with just Fees bought your unerring Bill.



## IDYLLIUM XII.



*A Welcome to a Friend.*

To Mr. EDWARD EATON.

YOU come, dear Youth, now three long Days are gone,

You come; but Lovers do grow old in one.

As much as Spring excels the Frost and Snow,

As much as Plumbs are sweeter than a Sloe,

As much as Ewes are thicker fleec'd than Lambs,

As much as Maids excel thrice marry'd Dames,

As much as Colts are nimbler than a Steer,  
 As much as Thrushes please the list'ning Ear  
 More than the meaner Songsters of the Air ;  
 So much thy *Presence* cheers ; behold, I run  
 As Trav'lers to the *Shade* at burning Noon :  
 Oh ! may an *equal* Flame our Hearts engage,  
 And let us live in Songs thro' future Age !

Two Youths were once with mutual Bands confin'd,  
 The one was generous, and the other kind :  
 Their *Love* was *equal* ; those were golden Men,  
 When he that was *belov'd*, did *love* again :  
 Grant, ye *immortal Pow'rs*, grant, mighty *Jove*,  
 Grant this once more, increase these Bands of Love.  
 When future Ages shall in Order flow,  
 Let some descend, and tell my *Shade* below,  
 Thy *Love*, thy *Lover's* Kindness, Faith, and Truth,  
 Are prais'd by all, but chiefly by the *Youth* :  
 But this I leave to Heaven's indulgent Care ;  
 For Heav'n can grant, or can reject my Prayer ;  
 Yet thee I'll sing ; *thee* sweet, nor 'midst my Song  
 Shall tell-tale Blisters rise, and gall my Tongue :  
 The little Pains you rais'd, were kindly meant,  
 Your healing *Love* did all the Smart prevent,  
 And I departed fraught with good Content.

Brave *Megarensians*, fam'd for nimble Oars,  
 May Peace flow in, and Plenty crown your Shores ;  
 No less the celebrated Honours claim,  
 Which you bestow on *Diocles's* Name,  
 For Love and Friendship long renown'd in Fame.  
 At his known Tomb, each Year the Boys contend  
 Which kisses softest, which best loves his Friend ;  
 And he that kisses sweetest, wins the Praise,  
 And runs to his glad Mother crown'd with Bays.  
 Happy the Man that must bestow the Prize !  
 Thrice happy he that judges of the Kifs !  
 Fair *Ganymed*, that makes the Thund'rer low,  
 Whose Smiles can calm, and smooth his angry Brow,  
 Allay his Fury, and his Rage command,  
 And stop his Lightning in his lifted Hand ;

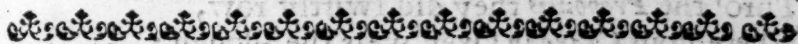
Had



Had such a Lip, (or Fame hath often ly'd,  
And Fame errs seldom on the better Side)  
That like a Touch-stone try'd the proffer'd Joy,  
And could discern true Gold from base Alloy.



IDYLLIUM XIII.



*He writes to his Friend, a Physician, and tells him that  
Love conquers the greatest Heroes; which he proves  
from the Story of Hercules and Hylas.*

To Mr. WILLIAM GOULD, M. B. of Wadham-  
College.

**L**ove, Love, dear Friend, what e'er we think, 'tis true,  
Was not design'd for only such as you;  
Nor do the Charms of Beauty strike alone  
Us Mortals, seen to Day, to Morrow gone;  
But Hercules, that Son of mighty Jove,  
That bore the Lyon's Fury, stoop'd to Love;  
Tho' rough his Mind appear'd, tho' steel'd to Joy,  
He Hylas clasp'd, and lov'd the charming Boy.  
He taught him as a Father would a Son,  
And still to virtuous Actions led him on:  
They never parted, nor at Noon, nor Night,  
Nor when the Morn's white Horse draws forth the Light,  
Nor when the callow Birds lye down to Rest,  
And careful old Ones flutter o'er the Nest;  
That still instructing as he once began,  
He might be form'd into a worthy Man.  
But when stout Jason, with the Youths of Greece,  
To Colchos sail'd, their Prize the Golden Fleece:  
When he had gather'd all the Sons of Fame  
That could assist, the great Alcides came

To

To fair *Jolcos*, *Argo's* chieftest Freight ;  
 Young *Hylas* too, the Ship scarce felt his Weight :  
 She, swift as *Eagles*, ply'd her nimble Oars,  
 And safely 'scap'd the rough *Cyanean* Shores,  
 Which us'd to meet, and stave the Ships that pass'd,  
 But now are fix'd, on firm Foundations plac'd.  
 When *Summer* came, and when the tender Lambs  
 Began to feed on Grass, and leave their Dams,  
 The noble *Heroes*, bless'd with Southern Gales,  
 Thro' *Hellepont* did Tpread their swelling Sails ;  
 Thro' the *Propontis* they did swiftly row,  
 Where stout *Cyanean* Oxen wear the Plough ;  
 And landing there, as shady Night came on,  
 And call'd to eat, they sat in Order down ;  
 Soft Turfs were rais'd, and each possess'd his Place,  
 The Plain was large, and gave them Beds of Grass.  
 The charming *Hylas*, quick as the Command,  
 A brazen Vessel grac'd his lovely Hand,  
 Ran o'er the Field to see what Springs afford,  
 And fetch some *Fountain* Water for his Lord ;  
 His Lord, and *Telamon*, his constant Guest,  
 One Table always join'd them at the Feast.  
 Just by, a *murm'ring* Spring crept o'er the Ground,  
 The Banks with *Vervine*, and with *Parshy* crown'd ;  
 Within, the *Nymphs*, the Ladies of the Plains,  
 The watchful *Nymphs*, that dance and fright the Swains ;  
*Eunica*, *Malis*, and their chieftest Grace  
*Nicæa*, Spring still opens in her Face.  
 This *Hylas* saw, his Cup let gently down,  
 Well pleas'd that he could serve his Lord so soon,  
 But freight the *Nymphs* (for Love had div'd below,  
 Their tender Hearts did 'mid't the Water glow,  
 The Boys fair Eyes had darted warm Desire,  
 And thro' the Waves had rais'd a fatal Fire)  
 Seiz'd on his Hand, he fell, as forc'd from Clouds  
 A falling Star shoots down to under Floods.  
 Mean while the *Boat-Swain* cries, Mates spread the Sails,  
 The Wind's at Stern, and we have prosp'rous Gaies.

The

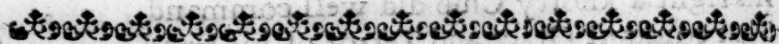
The *Nymphs* danc'd *Hylas*, Kisses dry'd his Tears,  
 And Comforts were apply'd to ease his Fears.  
 But vex'd *Alcides*, Care with Anger strove,  
 And tore his Breast, resolv'd to find his Love ;  
 His left Hand grac'd a Bow of fatal Yew,  
 Death wing'd and pointed ev'ry Dart that flew ;  
 His right a knotty Club did well command,  
 That constant Grace and Terror of his Hand.  
 Thrice did he *Hylas* call, and thrice he mourn'd,  
 Thrice *Hylas* heard the Voice, and thrice return'd ;  
 But small the Sound, which thro' the Waves did rise,  
 Tho' near, he distant seem'd, so weak the Cries.  
 As shaggy Lyons, fierce by Hunger grown,  
 That hear a Kid or Lambkin bleat alone,  
 Start from their Den, and lash their angry Breast,  
 And fiercely run to take their easy Feast ;  
 So he thro' thorny Paths did wildly rove,  
 As mad and furious for his perish'd Love.  
 Mean while, the Ship was rigg'd, the Winds were fair,  
 And Sails were spread, but no *Alcides* near ;  
 He far remov'd, did rove thro' Paths untrod,  
 For Love had galp'd his Breast, a cruel God.  
 Hence *Hylas* grew a God, and grac'd a Shrine,  
 His Love and Beauty made him half divine.  
 Mean while, the *Hero's*, fir'd with martial Rage,  
*Alcides* blam'd, as fearful to engage ;  
 It argu'd not his Love, but prov'd his Fear,  
 To leave the Ship, and so decline the War ;  
 But he on Foot to barbarous *Phasis* came,  
 And noble Actions soon redeem'd his Fame.

IDYLLIUM





## IDYLLIUM XIV.



*Eschines being scorn'd by Cunisca, who had a greater Kindness for one Woolf, resolves to turn Soldier. His Friend Thynicus advises him to serve King Ptolomy.*

*To his Friend and Tutor, Mr. BALCH of Wadham-College.*

*E. Good Morrow, Thynicus. T. The like to you. E. But why so late? T. So late? What ails thee now?*

*E. All is not well. T. I fee't, you look so thin, Your Face not wash'd, your Beard spread o'er your Chin, Your Eye-brows thick. Last Night I chanc'd to view A poor Pythagorist; he look'd like you, Pale, bare-foot, an Athenian, as he said; But, Faith, he look'd as if on Meal he fed.*

*E. You joke; but fair Cunisca scorns my Love, And as her Hatred, so my Flames improve; And tho', perhaps, I no such Heats betray'd, Yet I'm within an Inch of staring mad.*

*T. You still were passionate, you still pursue What your perverse Desire hath once in View; But prithee tell me what disturbs anew?*

*E. Tom, Will, and Dick, and I, a jovial Crew, Not minding Fate that did too close pursue, Drank at my House, the Glass went briskly round, Our Hearts were merry, and each Head was crown'd. I made them welcome, got the best I cou'd, A sucking Pig, two Chickens, Country Food; And, tho' I say't my self, my Wine was good: 'Twas four Years old, yet mild, I vow 'tis true, With Burrage mix'd, it drank as well as new.*

At

At last we voted each should crown a Glass  
 What Health he pleas'd, but name whose Health it was;  
 We drank and halloo'd, she mute all the while,  
 And Gullen sate, without one Word or Smile;  
 How was I vex'd to find a Change so soon?  
 What Mute? what, have you seen a \* *Woolf*, says one?  
 At that, she flush'd, her guilty Colour rose,  
 That you might light a Candle at her Nose.  
 There's *Woolf*, there's *Woolf*, my Neighbour *Labia's* Son,  
 Tall, slender, and the Beauty of the Town;  
 For him she burns, and sighs, and sighs again,  
 And this I heard; but loth to find my Pain,  
 I let it lye, and grew a Man in vain. }  
 When we were heated well, and flush'd with Wine,  
 One sang a Song of *Woolf*, a curs'd Design;  
 For steight *Cunisca* wept at the Surprize,  
 And soon betray'd her Passion at her Eyes;  
 She wept as wanton Girls that leave their Pap,  
 And would be dandled on their Mother's Lap;  
 Then I, you know me, vex'd at this Disdain,  
 Fled at her, struck, and swore, and kick'd again.  
 She rose; *Oh, Mischief! can I please no more?*  
*Have you another Sweet-heart? Out you Whore;*  
*Must you do this now to confirm my Fears?*  
*Go to him, toy, and court him with your Tears;*  
 As swift as Swallows sweeping o'er the Plain }  
 To catch their Young a Fly, with nimble Pain, }  
 Catch one, then feed, and steight return again; }  
 So quick she left her Seat, so swift her Haste, }  
 So soon she thro' the Hall and Parlour past, }  
 I scarce could see her move, she went so fast.  
 Now twenty Days, and ten, and nine, and eight,  
 And one, and two are past, two Months compleat;  
 Yet still we differ; nor in all this Space  
 Have I shav'd once, regardless of my Face.  
 But she is *Woolf's*, and *Woolf's* her chief Delight;  
 For him she will unlock the Gate at Night:

But

---

\* Alluding to the common Saying.

But I am scorn'd, I can't be look'd upon,  
 She'll scarce vouchsafe the Favour of a Frown;  
 And yet, *dear Friend*, could I but break the Chain,  
 And hate her once, all would be well again;  
 But as the Proverb says, *The heedless Mouse*  
*Hath bitten Pitch*, and how shall he get loose?  
 What Physick can these vexing Pains remove!  
 I know no Cure for the Disease of Love.

Yet *Dick*, my Friend, that equal Pains endur'd  
 For *Betty*, travell'd, and was quickly cur'd;  
 And, Faith, I'll travel too, I scorn to boast  
 My Courage, yet I think I'm stout as most.

*T.* I wish thou had'st enjoy'd thy just Desire,  
 And gain'd thy Love; but if thou wilt retire,  
 Serve *Prology*, for he'll reward thy Pain;  
 Believ't, he loves a stout and honest Man.

*E.* What other Virtues? *T.* Oh! the greatest Mind,  
 The sweetest Temper, generous, and kind!

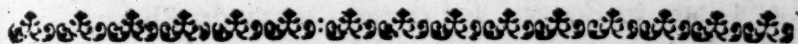
He marks his Friend, but more he marks his Foe,  
 His Hand is always open to bestow.

Petition modestly, he grants the Thing,  
 And freely gives, as it becomes a King;  
 And therefore, *Lover*, if you bravely dare  
 To tie your Snapfack on, and go to War;  
 If thou can'st keep thy Post, and stand thy Ground,  
 And throw back on thy Foe the coming Wound,  
 To *Egypt* haste, make haste, e'er Youth decays,  
 First from our Temples Age begins her Race,  
 Thence whit'ning Time creeps softly o'er the Face.  
 Go on whilst Youth is green, and Strength does last;  
 For when *old Age* draws nigh, the Time is past.





IDYLLIUM XV.



*Two tatling Gossips go to see the Pomp at Adonis's Feast, prepar'd by Arsinoe Ptolomy, Philadelphus's Queen : The Humours of the Women he hits exactly ; intermixes some Praises of the King, and describes the Glory of the Pomp, to gratify the Queen.*

The Persons are Gorgo, Eunoe, Praxinoe, Nurse, Stranger, and Mother.

To Mr. RICE WILLIAMS, of Wadham-College.

G. Sweet-heart, is my *Praxinoe* at Home ?

E. She is, dear *Gorgo* ; but how late you come ?

P. I scarce expected you, and sate alone :

A Chair and Cushion, E. Ready. P. Pray sit down.

G. Ah me ! I scarce could get alive along,

So close the People press, so great the Throng ;

Coaches thro' ev'ry Street, and Liveries shine,

Beside, your Dwelling is so far from mine.

P. Yes, my *cross Sot* must leave his former Seat,

And chuse upon the World's Edge this Retreat,

More like a filthy Cave, than like a House ;

And this he does, kind Heart, to sep'rate us,

My constant Plague, and my continual Cross.

G. Soft Words, pray, *Madam*, soft, see here's your Son,

Look how he eyes you, and begins to frown.

P. Cheer up, my Child, I did not mean thy Dad.

N. He understands her, he's a pretty Lad.

E

P. He

P. He went last Night (old Faults are all forgot)  
 To buy some Soap, and what d'ye think he bought?  
*Bay Salt*, long-sided Fool, dull Booby, Sor. }  
 G. Ah me! and mine's as bad, a squand'ring Fool,  
 Last Market-day he went to cheapen Wooll,  
 And there five Fleeces for five Crowns he bought,  
 All coath'd Sheep's Wooll, mere Dirt, not worth a Groat.  
 But take your Hood and Scarf, and pray let's go;  
 Let's haste to Court; for there's a gawdy Show,  
*Adonis* Feast, and, as I lately heard,  
 Our Royal Queen hath glorious Sights prepar'd.  
 P. Great Folks have all Things fine; but pray now tell  
 What you, for I saw nought, or nought so well.  
 G. Another Day; but now the Minute calls,  
 We that have nought to do, have Time for Tales.  
 P. Maid, *Water* quickly; Faith, I'll break your Head,  
 Go set it down. These Cats so love a Bed,  
 Drive them away, they'll spoil my Cloth of State;  
 But first the *Water*, there's most need of that.  
 See how she speeds! come pour; but why so soon?  
 A little more; what makes you wet my Gown?  
 Well, now I'm fairly wash'd, the Gods be bless'd;  
 But bring me streight the Key of my great Chest.  
 G. This *Mantan* sits extreamly well, I vow;  
 What Price the Stuff? Pray, *Madam*, let me know?  
 P. It cost me twenty Shillings half a Crown;  
 'Twas dear, beside the Work was all my own.  
 G. 'Tis rare. P. Your Servant, *Madam*, bring my Hood  
 And Scarf, and dress me in the newest Mode.  
 Dear *Chuck*, you must not go, my dear Delight,  
 For there are *Bugbears*, and the Horses bite.  
 Nay, you may cry, Peace, Peace, dear Mother's Child;  
 Nay, cry, but, *Chuck*, I must not have you kill'd.  
 Here, *Betty*, take the Boy, and stay at Home;  
 Call *Pretty* in, and wait here 'till I come.  
 O, *Jemmy*! dear *Gorgo*! here's a Throng!  
 I wonder how we two shall get along!  
 Great *Ptolemy*, beside a thousand Things,  
 In which thou hast excell'd the former Kings;

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How many Profits have thy Care bestow'd,  
Since *Lagus* dy'd, and rose into a God?

None now, as heretofore, infest the Street,  
Pick-pockets croud, and jostle all they meet.

What shall we do? You see we strive in vain;

Ah, Dear! I wish I was at Home again.

The King's great Horse is come, stand farther, Friend,

Don't tread upon me, see he rears an End;

Look how he bounds! oh! whither shall we run?

Alas, poor Soul! he'll throw his Rider down.

Well, I am glad I did not bring my Son.

G. Cheer up, *Praxinoe*, come, the Danger's past,

And they are gone before, let's mend our Haste.

P. Well, now I'm coming to my self again,

A Horse, and a cold Serpent's winding Train

I always hated; fye, we move too slow;

Look there behind, what Tides of People flow!

G. Mother, is't you within? M. Yes, Child, 'tis I.

G. Can we get in pray, Mother? M. Daughter, try;

For he that never tries, can ne'er enjoy:

The *Greeks* by trying, Daughter, conquer'd *Troy*.

P. She leaves us with a Riddle; what she means,

God knows! but sure she hath some hidden Sense.

Women know all below, and all above,

E'en how Queen *Juno* was betroth'd to *Jove*.

But look *Praxinoe*, how the People wait!

How great a Throng attends the crowded Gate!

P. A vast one, *Gorgo*! come, 'tis best to join

Hands round; here, *Gorgo*, clap your Hand in mine.

Take *Eutick Eunoe*, that we may not lose

Each other; come, thrust all, and still keep close.

Ah me! my Veil is rent; pray, why d'ye press

My Gown? Good Sir, may Heav'n conspire to bless,

And you be happy, Sir, as you forbear.

S. I cannot; yet I'll take the greatest Care.

P. The Crowd increases, and they thrust like Swine.

S. Come, cheer up, *Madam*, we are all got in.

P. Well, may the bounteous Gods reward thy Pain

For helping us, thou art an honest Man.



Poor *Eunoe*'s jostled still, she'll lose her Hood;  
Thrust, *Eunoe*, stoutly thrust, and break the Crowd.  
We are all in, as one (a Story) said,  
When he had got his Mistress fast in Bed.

G. *Praxinoe*, look what Hangings grace the Rooms!  
How fine, how rich, sure wrought in heav'nly Looms!  
Oh strange! what Hands could these fine Things design?  
What Mortal Pencil draw so sweet a Line?

How real they appear? They seem to move,  
They are alive, I'm sure they can't be wove.

Man's a wise Thing; but see on yonder Bed

*Adonis* lies, Down o'er his Cheeks is spread,  
Lovely *Adonis*, lov'd amongst the Dead.

S. Hift, hift, your tatling silly Talk forbear,  
Like Turtles you have Mouths from Ear to Ear.

G. And who are you? Pray, what have you to say  
If we will talk? Seek those that will obey.

Would you the *Syracusan* Women rule?

Besides, to tell you more, you meddling Fool,

We are *Corinthians*, that's no great Disgrace,

*Bellerophon* himself did boast that Race.

We speak our Language, use the *Dorick* Tone,

And, Sir, the *Dores*, sure, may use their own.

P. Our Husbands are enough, let none pretend

To rule beside; you are a sawcy Friend,

I'm ne'er beholding t' ye, and there's an end.

G. Peace, Peace, *Praxinoe*, straight in charming Lays

A Maid shall sing the dead *Adonis* Praise,

More soft than *Sperchis* in a mournful Song;

Hark! she prepares her Voice, it won't be long.

Great Goddess, Joy of the *Idalian* Grove,

To whom high *Eryx* bows, fair Queen of Love,

How charming was thy sweet *Adonis* led,

By soft-foot Hours, from 'midst the silent Dead?

The twelfth Month came, when from the Shades below

Restor'd, what Beauty fate upon his Brow?

The Hours the slowest of the Gods, 'tis true,

Yet pleasing, for they still bring something new.

Kind

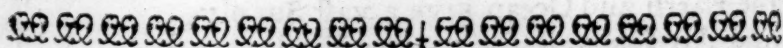
# Of THEOCRITUS.

53

Kind you (thus Story says) did first remove  
 Fair *Berenice* to the Seats above,  
 And bath'd the Mortal in a Cup of Love.  
 And now, *Arfinoe*, *Helen's* equal Face,  
 In just Return does thy *Adonis* grace  
 With all the Fruit the various Earth can yield;  
 The silver Basket brings from every Field  
 The choicest Flowers that please the curious Eye,  
 In Gold the *Srian* Odours breathe and die;  
 Of Flour and Honey mix'd, the sweetest Cake  
 That Womens Luxury or Art can make.  
 The Earth and Ocean give a vast Supply,  
 And Air sends all the various Kinds that fly:  
 She raises fresh imaginary Groves,  
 And all around there flutter wanton Loves;  
 As new-fledg'd Thrushes, whilst the old One sings,  
 Leap quick from Bough to Bough, and try their Wings.  
 O Gold! see there two Ivory Eagles fly,  
 And bear young *Ganymed* thro' the yielding Sky:  
 See Purple Tap'stry, softer far than Sleep,  
 This he'll confess, that feeds *Milesian* Sheep.  
 Oh! happy Riches, see two Beds are made,  
 And *Venus* here, there fair *Adonis* laid;  
 A youthful Bridegroom, just mature for Bliss,  
 No prickly Beard makes rough his pleasing Kiss.  
 Let *Venus* have him, and his Sweets embrace;  
 To Morrow e'er the Dew forsakes the Grass,  
 We'll bear him where the Waves foam round the Shore;  
 Our Hair all loose, our Coats let down before,  
 Our Breasts all bear; and as we march along,  
 With mournful Voice, begin this Funeral Song.  
*Adonis*, of the Hero's you alone  
 Now come to us, now go to *Acheron*;  
 Not *Agamemnon*, not stout *Ajax* knew,  
 And none enjoy'd the Favour like to you:  
 Not *Hector*, fruitful *Priam's* stoutest Joy,  
 Not *Pyrhus* marching from his conquer'd Troy:  
 The ancient *Lapithe*, *Ducalion's* Race;  
 Or brave *Belasgi*, *Argo's* chiefest Grace.

Kind

Kind now *Adonis*, next Year kind remain,  
 Now, welcome, welcome when you come again.  
*G.* Ah, dear *Praxinoe* ! these are curious Things:  
 O, happy Creature ! oh, how well she sings !  
 But I must go, for should my Husband come,  
 (He has not din'd) and not find me at Home,  
 How he would fret ; he's pettish, hates Delay,  
 Nor when he's hungry would I come in's Way.  
 Farewel, *Adonis*, now thy Pomp must cease ;  
 But still return, and still our Joys increase.



## IDYLLIUM XVI.



*He complains that Poetry meets not a suitable Reward  
 from Great Men, for that Immortality which it bestows  
 upon them.*

*To his very good Friend JOHN DRYDEN, Esq;*

THIS is the Muses, this the Poets Care,  
 To sing the Gods, and Men renown'd for War.  
 The Muses Goddesses make Gods their Theme ;  
 We Men sing Men, and raise them vast Esteem.  
 But who that lives below our Pains regards ?  
 What open Hand deals suitable Rewards ?  
 Or who receive us when we offer Fame ?  
 And send us back more wealthy than we came ?  
 The Muses baffled, thus turn Home again  
 With naked Feet, they sigh, they weep, complain,  
 And frown at me, when they have gone in vain. }  
 Deep in the Bottom of my empty Cleft,  
 A Place too hollow, and too hard for Rest,

They



They sit and mourn ; on their cold Knees they lay  
 Their bending Heads, and sigh and pine away ;  
 For who is brave ? and who regards a Wit ?  
 I know not ; few, ah ! few in Praise delight,  
 For great and noble Deeds as heretofore,  
 Their captive Thoughts are ty'd to baser Ore.  
 Their griping Hands they in their Bosom fold,  
 And scarce will give the Rust that eats their Gold.  
 They cry, near is my Shirt, more near my Skin ;  
 Must I supply the Hunger of the Nine ?  
 Let me grow rich in Wealth, and those in Sense ;  
 A Poet is the Care of Providence.

What need of more, since *Homer* lives ? he brings  
 No Charge upon me, yet the best he sings.

Poor Men ! what profits precious Ore that lies  
 Heap'd up within, to feed the greedy Eyes ?  
 It yields a diff'rent Profit to the Wife.

Some on themselves, some Part on Wits they spend ;  
 Some Part their Kinsmen share, and some their Friend.  
 To ev'ry Man from them some Goods accrue,  
 And still the Gods receive their sacred Due.  
 He's kind and gen'rous, nobly treats his Guests ;  
 He never cloy's, but pleases with his Feasts.  
 But chiefly to the Muses Sons they give,  
 That after Death their lasting Fame may live ;  
 And that they may not sit and mourn below,  
 As those whose Hands are harden'd by the Plough ;  
 Who sit and sigh, and with a sad Complaint  
 For ever weep hereditary Want.

*Antiochus* once kept a Kingly Board,  
 A thousand menial Servants call'd him Lord.  
 A thousand Heifers fed at *Scopa's* Stall,  
 Ten thousand horned Bulls low'd thro' his Vale.  
 The kind *Creonde* fed their num'rous Flocks,  
 Their brouzing Goats still hung on thousand Rocks ;  
 Yet when their naked Souls began to float,  
 Breath'd out in Air, and stow'd in *Charon's* Boat,  
 They left their Wealth beyond the *Stygian* Shore,  
 The crazy Vessel could not waft their Ore ;

And

And each had lain amidst the Vulgar, lost,  
 Unheard, untalk'd of, like a common Ghost,  
 Unless his Poet, with exalted Rage,  
 Had struck his Harp, and giv'n them future Age.  
 'Tis Verse that does with lasting Honours grace  
 The swiftest Horse that wins the sacred Race;  
 His Crowns had wither'd, he had lost his Name,  
 Too slow to keep an equal Pace with Fame.  
 Who had the *Lycians*, who the *Trojans* known?  
 What Fame once Female *Cycnus* Glory shown,  
 Unless a Poet, with immortal Song,  
 Had told their Fights, and made their Wars so long?  
*Ulysses*, he thro' various Dangers tost  
 For seven long Years, that touch'd at ev'ry Coast;  
 That he who saw the *Stygian* Shades, and liv'd,  
 That scap'd the *Cyclops*, had his Fame surviv'd:  
*Eumæus*, mingl'd with the common Dead,  
 Had lain as nameless as the Ox he fed;  
 And wholly vanish'd with his parting Breath,  
 If *Homer* had not snatch'd his Name from Death.  
 The Muses raise Mens Worth, their Fame they spread,  
 Whilst Heirs consume the Riches of the Dead.  
 And 'tis a Task, I'm sure, of equal Ease,  
 To tell how many Tempests toss the Seas;  
 With what fierce Storms the troubl'd Ocean roars;  
 How many Waves it rolls to trembling Shores.  
 To wash a *Blackmore* white, as to unbind  
 A griping *Niggard*'s close contracted Mind,  
 And force him to be generous and kind.  
 A Curse on such; vast Heaps of useless Ore  
 May those enjoy, and yet still wish for more.  
 'Twas always so; and 'tis my Humour still,  
 Much more than *Wealth*, I value Mens good Will:  
 And now I seek what Patron I may chuse,  
 And where I may be welcome with my Muse;  
 For Poets find but small Returns of Love  
 Without their *Muse*, thus stands the Will of *Jove*.  
 The Heav'n's not weary whilst it whirls the Sun,  
 And thousand Steeds shall draw the Chariot on;

A Man shall rise, that shall my Songs employ,  
 As great as fam'd *Achilles* fought at *Troy*;  
 As great as *Ajax*, where smooth *Simois* flow'd,  
 And *Phrygian* *Ilu's* Tomb lay drown'd in Blood.  
 The *Carthaginians* dread approaching War,  
 Forget their Fury, and consent to fear.  
 The *Syracusan* Troops spread o'er the Field,  
 Their right Hands grace a Spear, their left a Shield.  
 These *Hiero* leads as ancient *Heroes* brave;  
 His dreadful Crest doth o'er his Shoulders wave:  
 But oh! our *Guardian Jove*, revenge our Blood,  
 And toss our Foes o'er the *Sardinian* Flood;  
 Scatter their Force, and send few Home to tell  
 The Wives and Children how their Fathers fell.  
 Let old Inhabitants possess their Isle,  
 And raise new Towns where Foes did lately spoil;  
 The Fields be green, and thro' the fruitful Plain  
 Great Flocks of Sheep grow fat, and bleat again.  
 The lab'ring Oxen bend beneath the Plough,  
 And, slowly walking thro' the Vallies, low.  
 The Fields be reap'd, whilst under ev'ry Shade  
 The Insects sing, and make the *Reapers* glad.  
 The Spiders weave in Shields, all free from fear,  
 And hardly know the very Name of War.  
 Let rising Poets bear the sounding Praise  
 Of *Hiero* beyond the *Scythian* Seas;  
 Beyond proud *Babylon* extend his Fame,  
 And tell to distant Worlds his glorious Name.  
 I am but one, but more *Jove's* Daughters love,  
 More wise than I am, and more apt to move.  
 And these smooth *Arethusa's* Streams shall sing,  
 The brave *Sicilians*, and their valiant King.  
 Ye Goddesses, that *Orchomenium* grace,  
 The Scourge and Hatred of the *Theban* Race,  
 Uncall'd I'll stay, to those that shall invite,  
 My *Muse* shall offer Honour and Delight.  
 I'll never leave you; what will Men receive  
 Without the *Graces*? What is fit to give?  
 O! may I ever with the *Graces* live!

IDYLLIUM





## IDYLLIUM XVII.



*A Panegyrick to King PTOLEMY.*

*To AMBROSE BROWNE, Esq;*

**B**Egin with *Jove*, my *Muse*, and end with *Jove*,  
 If you would sing the greatest *God* above;  
 But if you would the best of *Men* rehearse,  
 Let *Ptolemy's* great Name adorn your Verse;  
 Let him the first, 'midst, last, your Songs employ,  
 The Darling of Mankind, the common Joy.  
 The *Heroes* born of Gods, and great in Fame,  
 Had noble Poets to record their Name;  
 And I, well skill'd in Song, with lasting Lays,  
 Sing him, *ev'n Gods we do reward with Praise*.  
 In shady *Ida*, where the Woods are thick,  
 The Wood-man comes, but doubts where first to strike:  
 And where shall I? There crowd a thousand Things,  
 With which the Gods have bless'd the best of Kings.  
 His Father *Lagus*, who so bravely great,  
 So deeply skill'd in all the Arts of State?  
 What Age could boast a Prince so great, so good?  
 His Mind was high, and noble as his Blood.  
 Him *Jove* doth grace with an immortal Throne,  
 And give a Golden Palace next his own.  
 Next *Alexander* sits, the Wise, the Great,  
 A miter'd God, and checks the *Persian* State.  
 Just opposite *Aleides* Throne does shine,  
 Of sparkling Diamond made, the Work divine;  
 And whilst on *Nectar* with the Gods he feasts,  
 He smiles to see his Race his equal Guests.

On

On each Great *Jove* Reprieve from Age bestow'd,  
 And call'd immortal, rais'd into a God.  
 When fragrant *Nectar* Bowls have rais'd his Fires,  
 And from the Feast, he to his Wife retires,  
 His Ensigns he delivers to the two,  
 One bears his knotty Club, and one his Bow.  
 With these they both in decent Order move,  
 And thus to beauteous *Hebe's* Bed of Love  
 Their Father lead, the great Increase of *Jove*.

How *Berenice* shone! his charming Bride,  
 Her Sex's Glory, and her Parents Pride.  
 Her *Venus* nurs'd with a peculiar Care,  
 And bless'd with all the Charms that grace the Fair;  
 That ev'n bold Fame it self scarce dares to tell,  
 That any Prince e'er lov'd his Wife so well,  
 As gen'rous *Ptolemy* his beauteous Queen;  
 And yet he meets with greater Love again.  
 He quits his State, and Bus'ness of his Thrones,  
 He leaves his Kingdom to his loyal Sons,  
 Whilst he to her with hasty Wishes moves,  
 And goes to play the *Hero* in his Loves.  
 A faithless Wife lets all her Thoughts and Cares  
 On others rove, with easy Pains she bears;  
 Her House is full, but of the num'rous Race  
 Not one can shew the joyful Father's Face.  
 Fair *Venus*, chiefest Beauty of the Sky,  
 She liv'd thy Care, nor can her Honour die:  
 Your Kindness snatch'd her from the *Stygian* Shore;  
 E'er grisly *Charon* came to waft her o'er,  
 You gave a Shrine, and taught us to adore.  
 Just like a falling Star thrown down by Fate,  
 You caught, and made her Partner of your State;  
 Whilst kind to all, she gentle Cares inspires,  
 And warms the Lover's Breasts with pleasing Fires.  
 The fair *Deipala* did to *Peless* bear  
 Stout *Diomed*, that mighty Son of War;  
 And beauteous *Thetis* to her *Peless* bore  
 The fam'd *Achilles* on the *Gracian* Shore;

But

But *Berenice* hath these Births out-done,  
 She brought great *Ptolemy* as great a Son;  
 First *Coos* danc'd thee, thee, Mankind's Delight;  
 She took thee at thy first Approach to Light;  
 For there thy Mother to *Lucina* pray'd  
 To ease her Throws, and found a speedy Aid;  
 She came, stood by, and gently loos'd her Pain;  
 Thy very Birth was easy as thy Reign.  
 The *Island* took thee in her Arms, and smil'd,  
 To view the Father's Image in the Child.  
 She shouted, and she said, Ah! lovely Boy,  
 Be born, thy Father's Soul, be born, my Joy.  
 Welcome, on me as great a Fame bestow,  
 As *Delos* does to her *Apollo* owe.  
 Thus spake the Isle. An *Eagle* soar'd above,  
 And mix'd with Clouds, the Bird of mighty *Jove*,  
 With joyful Sound thrice clap'd auspicious Wings;  
 'Twas *Jove's* own Sign, *Jove* is the Guard of Kings:  
 But whom he loves, as soon as he began,  
 That lives the Potent, that the happy Man;  
 All else must yield, and o'er the Sea and Land  
 With conqu'ring Arms he spread a wide Command.  
 A thousand Nations boast their fruitful Plains,  
 Where gentle *Jove* descends in easy Rains;  
 But none such Crops as sandy *Egypt* shows,  
 Where *Nile* with his enriching Streams o'erflows,  
 And what the barren Clouds deny, bestows.  
 No Nation bears, no Nation boasts to see  
 So many Towns, and Men of Art as she.  
 Full thirty thousand Towns enjoy the Sway  
 of *Ptolemy*, and eagerly obey.  
 The stout *Phanicians* too have felt his Sword;  
*Arabia*, *Syria*, *Lybia* call him Lord.  
 The *Ethiopians*, the *Pamphilian* Horse,  
 The *Lycians*, *Carians* own his nobler Force.  
 The *Isles*, for where his Navy spreads her Wings,  
 Homage to him, and Peace to all she brings;  
 So far his Scepters reach, and Sea, and Land,  
 And purling Streams obey his just Command.

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Vast Troops of Horse and Foot, well arm'd for War, }  
 So dreadful gay in graceful Ranks appear, }  
 That ev'n their proudest Foes consent to fear.  
 His Treasure richer than e'er known before;  
 And other Kings scarce wish so great a Store.  
 All Nations send their Customs ev'ry Day,  
 And their due Tribute to his Ocean pay.  
 The Farmer fearless ploughs his fruitful Soil;  
 No hostile Navies press the quiet Nile:  
 None leaps ashore, and frights the lab'ring Swains;  
 None robs us of our Flocks, and spoils the Plains.  
 Thus *Ptolemy* secures his Land from Harms;  
 So fear'd by all he sits, so great in Arms;  
 So careful to preserve his ancient Right;  
 This shews a King, and for new Conquests fight;  
 And yet he scorns to hoard his uselefs Ore,  
 As painful Ants still turn their bury'd Store.  
 With much the Temples of the *Heroes* shine;  
 His first-Fruits and his Gifts fill ev'ry Shrine.  
 Much Gold to pow'rful neighb'ring Kings he sends,  
 Much to his Subjects, much to valiant Friends.  
 None fam'd for Song, none great in Arts appears,  
 No charming Voice can ravish list'ning Ears,  
 But streight *he* Favours, *he* Rewards imparts,  
 And sends them Presents *equal* to their Arts;  
 And therefore *Poets*, with exalted Rage,  
 Send down their *Patron's* Praise to future Age.  
 At what more noble can the Wealthy aim,  
 Than to secure a fair and lasting Fame?  
 Of Great *Attrides* this remains alone,  
 Whilst all the Stores of Wealth he rais'd, are gone;  
 Whate'er he brought from *Troy*, hath 'scap'd the Light,  
 And now lies bury'd in eternal Night.

He first his *glorious* Parents made divine;  
 To both he Incense burns, and rears a Shrine.  
 How great they stand? How *Gems* their Shrines enfold,  
 And hide the *Iv'ry*, and the poorer *Gold*?  
 How great they stand? What various Goods bestow?  
 Supply our Wants, and guard frail Man below?

He stains red Altars with a thousand Beasts,  
 As Months roul round, and bring the solemn Feasts;  
 He and his *Queen*, than whom kind Fortune led  
 No fairer Woman to a greater Bed ;  
 There she with Joy the nat'ral Ties improves,  
 And both as *Brother*, and as *Husband* loves.  
 This *Gods* approve, thus they themselves are ty'd;  
 And *Juno* lives *Jove's* Sister and his Bride.  
 Fair perfum'd *Iris* makes one Bed for both,  
 Where Pleasure's heighten'd by eternal Youth.  
 Hail, glorious *Ptolemy* ; hail, mighty King ;  
 Thee equal to the Gods my *Muse* shall sing ;  
 And future Age shall all my Songs approve ;  
 Great King, beg Vertue and Increase of *Jove*.



## IDYLLIUM XVIII.



*An Epithalamium at the Marriage of Helena and  
 Menelaus.*

TO EDWARD COURTHOPE, Esq;

**A**T *Sparta's* Palace twenty beauteous Maids,  
 The Pride of *Greece*, fresh Garlands crown'd their  
 With Hyacinth and twining Parsly drest, (Heads,  
 Grac'd joyful *Menelaus* Marriage-Feast ;  
 When lovely *Helen*, great in conqu'ring Charms,  
 Resign'd her willing Beauty to his Arms :  
 They danc'd around, Joy flow'd from ev'ry Tongue,  
 And the great Dome resounded with the Song.  
 And why, fair Bridegroom, why so sleepy grown ?  
 And why to Bed e'er shady Night comes on ?  
 What, have you danc'd too much ? Wine seiz'd your Head ?  
 Or are you drowsy, that you must to Bed ?

But

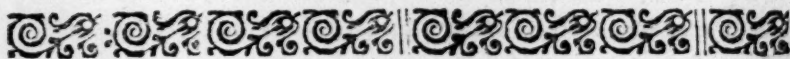
But if you needs must sleep, then sleep alone ;  
 But why must *Helen* too, your Bride, be gone ?  
 Why must she leave her tender Mother thus ?  
 She should sit up, and play, and dance with us ;  
 She should sit up 'till the bright Sun should rise,  
 And Stars recede, less beauteous than her Eyes :  
 For, *Menelaus*, she for all thy Life,  
 For Morning, Night, and Noon must be thy Wife.  
 O happy Bridegroom ! thee a lucky Sneeze  
 To *Sparta* welcom'd, where the Youths of *Greece* ;  
 Her chiefest Pride, did offer humble Love ;  
 Yet you were chose to be ally'd to *Jove*.  
 A Beauty, such as never *Greece* did view,  
 Now sleeps between the common Sheets with you.  
 O happy Bridegroom ! what thy Bride shall bear,  
 If like herself, it must be wond'rous fair.  
 Two hundred *Spartan* Maids, her Equals, we  
 That wrestled, fought, and ran as well as she,  
 And ev'n out-did the Men ; yet none appear  
 A spotless Beauty, if compar'd to her.  
 Just as the Morning shews her lovely Grace,  
 When Winter's gone, and Night withdraws her gloomy  
 Just so doth *Helen's* charming Beauties rise, (Face ;  
 Tall, fair, and fram'd by Nature to surprize.  
 As Trees a Field, swift Steeds a Chariot grace,  
 So *Sparta* is adorn'd by *Helen's* Face.  
 In all, the Bride does easily excel,  
 None spins with so much Art, none weaves so well.  
 When she *Diana* or *Minerva* sings,  
 None tunes so soft as she the speaking Strings ;  
 That she, whose Motions charm, whose Looks surprize,  
 And thousand *Cupids* wanton in her Eyes.  
 Ah ! fair, ah ! lovely, of an envy'd Life ;  
 Ah ! fair, and blest'd in being made a Wife :  
 But we will run thro' yonder spacious Mead,  
 And crop fresh flow'ry Crowns to grace thy Head.  
 Mindful of *Helen* still, as tender Lambs,  
 Not wean'd as yet, when hungry, mind their Dams,



We'll first low *Lotus* pluck, and Crowns compose,  
 And to thy Honour grace the shady Boughs :  
 From Silver Boxes sweetest Oils shall flow,  
 And press the Flow'rs that rise as sweet below ;  
 And then inscribe this Line, that all may see,  
*Pay due Obedience, I am Helen's Tree.*  
 All Joy, fair Bride, and happy Bridegroom, Joy,  
 Let kind *Latona* give a lovely Boy ;  
 Let *Venus*, Goddess *Venus*, mutual Love,  
 And lasting Riches, be bestow'd by *Jove*,  
 That still they may descend, and grace the Throne,  
 From a great Father, to a greater Son.  
 Sleep in each other's Arms, and raise Desire,  
 Let ardent Breathings fan your mutual Fire :  
 But rise betimes, forget not, we'll return  
 When first the crowing Cock shall wake the Morn ;  
 When thro' his feather'd Throat he sends his Voice,  
 O! *Hymen, Hymen*, at this Feast rejoyce.



## IDYLLIUM XIX.



*On CUPID stung by a Bee.*

WHEN wanton *Love* design'd to thief,  
 And steal the Honey from the Hive,  
 An impious *Bee* his Finger stung,  
 And thus reveng'd the proffer'd Wrong.  
 He blew his Fingers, vex'd with Pain,  
 He stamp'd and star'd, but all in vain ;  
 At last, unable to endure,  
 To *Venus* runs, and begs a Cure,  
 Complaining that so slight a Touch,  
 And little Thing, should wound so much.

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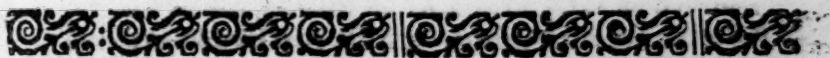
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She smil'd, and said, how like to thee,  
My Son, is that unlucky Bee?  
Thy self art small, and yet thy Dart  
Wounds deep, ah! very deep the Heart.



## IDYLLIUM XX.



*A Shepherd complains of the Coyness of a City-Maid, who  
refus'd his proffer'd Kifs.*

To his good-humour'd Friend Mr. ALEXANDER CROOK,  
of Wadham-College.

**E**unica flouted me, she scorn'd my Kifs,  
And when I proffer'd, answer'd with a Hiss;  
Be gone, rough *Shepherd*, thou dost ask in vain,  
I faith I am not us'd to kifs a *Swain*;  
The *City Lips* I press, and only them;  
Thou should not kifs me, no, not in a Dream.  
How odd thy Courtship! and how dull thy Jest!  
How languishing thy Words! and how exprest!  
How soft and sweet thy Voice! Thy Looks how fair!  
How smooth thy Chin! What Curls adorn thy Hair!  
Thy Lips are broken out, and black thy Hand;  
Thy Smell is rank; *be gone*, I shall be stain'd.  
This said, then thrice she spit, and view'd me round:  
From Head to Foot, and mutter'd still, and frown'd;  
Still scornfully she look'd, and mighty proud  
Of her fair Face; she sneer'd, and laugh'd aloud.  
My Blood began to boil, my Face was flush'd,  
And, like a Rose with Dew o'ercharg'd, I blush'd.  
She left me streight; but I am vex'd at this,  
That she, proud Slut, should flout, when I would kifs.

Am I not *handsome*? Tell me, smiling Swains,  
 For I was once the Beauty of the Plains.  
 Tell me, have I no Charms, no pleasing Grace?  
 Or hath some God on sudden chang'd my Face?  
 For I was *handsome* once, my Cheeks were red,  
 My *Beard*, like *Ivy* round an Oak, was spread,  
 And *bushy Hair*, like *Parsly*, crown'd my Head.  
 My snowy Forehead two black Eye-brows crost;  
 My Eyes as grey as *Palla's* self could boast;  
 My Mouth more sweet than Curds, my Words did flow  
 As smooth as Oil, and soft as falling Snow:  
 My Songs are charming, whilst my Flocks do feed  
 I blow my Hautboy, Pipe, or Oaten Reed.  
 Oft have I seen my *Lambs* forsake their Grass,  
 And list'ning by, with silent Wonder gaze;  
 And all the *Country Maids* my Face esteem;  
 They kiss, and beg me I would stay with them.  
 Are these small Charms, that she should these despise?  
 But I'm a *Shepherd Swain*, for that she flies;  
 For that the *City-Maids* refuse a Kiss.  
 Well, let them scorn, poor Fools, they hardly know  
 That beauteous *Bacchus* fed a Herd below;  
 Or that fair *Venus* wanton'd with a Swain,  
 And fed his Cattel in the *Phrygian* Plain;  
 With sweet *Adonis* oft she prov'd the Joy  
 In Groves, in Groves she mourn'd the lovely Boy.  
*Endymion* was a Swain, he kept a Flock,  
 And yet for him the *Moon* her Skies forsook;  
 She scorn'd a *Scepter*, and embrac'd a *Crook*.  
 One Cave held both, with him she reap'd Delight,  
 Came down, lay by, and kiss'd him all the Night,  
 Ev'n *Rhea* mourns a Swain, and mighty *Jove*  
 Took Eagle's Wings, and bore a Swain above.  
 A Swain this proud *Eunica* scorns alone,  
 Better than *Venus*, *Rhea*, or the *Moon*.  
*Venus*, the Fault was yours, you taught her Pride;  
 May therefore thine, thy Love be still deny'd.

May



May you endure an *injur'd* Lover's Pain,  
Ne'er kifs *thy* Sweet, ne'er wanton o'er the Plain,  
But lie alone all Night, and wish in vain.



IDYLLIUM XXI.



*A Discourse of two Fisher-men upon a Dream.*

To Mr. THOMAS DUNSTAR, of Wadham-College.

'TIS Poverty, dear Friend, improves our Arts,  
It teaches Wit, and working Thoughts imparts;  
For Cares chase Sleep from his laborious Head,  
Who sweats to earn, before he eats his Bread.  
If *lazy* Slumbers o'er his Eye-lids creep,  
Streight *noisy* Cares rush in, and break his Sleep.  
Two good old *Fishers* slept, their Bed was Sedge,  
Their Roof was Straw, their Walls a rotten Hedge,  
And round just by lay Baskets, Hooks, and Lines,  
Their Wiers, sedgey Nets, their Rods, and Skins,  
Drawn up on some old Plank, a tatter'd Boat;  
Their Pillow Straw, their Rug a ragged Coat;  
Their Caps hung by, upon a broken Oar;  
These were their Tackling, and this all their Store.  
Not one *small Pot* upon their Shelf was laid,  
All useles seem'd, but what concern'd their Trade.  
Thus blest'd they liv'd, and happy in Content,  
With their Companions, *Poverty* and *Want*.  
No Neighbour near, and ev'ry rising Tide  
Their *Hovel* reach'd, and shook its tott'ring Side.  
From 'midst of Heav'n the *Moon* view'd all below,  
When Dreams of Labour wak'd the sleeping two;  
Each

Each with his Thumb wip'd Rest from off his Eyes,  
And fang, and cheer'd themselves with these Replies.

*A.* They lye, dear Friend, that say the Night decays  
When Summer comes, and Jove brings longer Days;  
For I have seen a thousand Dreams to Night,  
Long tedious Dreams, and yet 'tis far from Light.

*B.* You blame the Summer, but unjustly blame,  
The Hours are still forc'd on, their Pace the same;  
But vexing Cares, that in a busy Throng  
Disturb your Head, do make Night seem so long.

*A.* Can you interpret Dreams, Friend, tell me true?  
I've dreamt fine Things, which I would tell to you;  
For that will ease me, and divert my Care,  
As we our Fish, so we our Dreams will share.

*B.* Then tell thy Friend. *A.* If you remember well,  
We sup'd too late, and made a sparing Meal:  
On yonder shelving Rock methought I stood,  
And stoop'd, intent upon the quiet Flood;  
I saw the Fish, my Hook let gently down,  
And shook my cheating Bait to draw them on.

A great One bit, (for Fish is still my Theme,  
As Dogs of Bones, so I of Fishes dream)  
I strook, and hung him fast, I saw the Blood,  
The Weight was great, I'm sure it bent the Rod;  
I strove to reach him, for my Line was weak,  
And, Faith, I fear'd my bending Hook would break.  
Dost prick me, (for he prick'd) I'll grasp thee more,  
And so at last I drew my Prey to Shore,  
A golden Fish, I stood amaz'd, and fear'd  
'Twas one of Neptune's own beloved Herd;

Or one of Sea-green Amphitrite's Train,  
A noble Fish, the Treasure of the Main.  
I loos'd him gently, and did strictly look  
That no small Grain stuck round the barbed Hook;  
With Cords I drew him, and devoutly swore,  
That I would venture out to Sea no more;  
But stay at Home, and make my self a King.  
At this I wak'd: Do you adjust the Thing.

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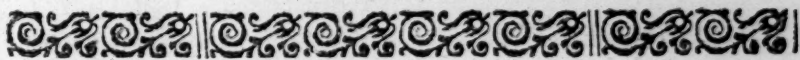
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Pray tell me what you think, for I'm afraid  
That I am bound to keep the Oath I made.  
B. Fear not, *my Friend*, you did not swear; for why,  
You found no Fish, a *Vision's* but Lye!  
And therefore go, and draw the usual Streams,  
Seek real Fish, nor starve with *golden Dreams*.



IDYLLIUM XXII.



*A scorn'd Shepherd hangs himself. The cruel Fair is  
kill'd by the Statue of Cupid.*

To Mr. RILY, Painter to his Majesty K. CHARLES II.

**A**N *amorous* Shepherd lov'd a charming Boy,  
As fair as Thought could frame, or Wish enjoy;  
Unlike his Soul, ill-natur'd and unkind,  
An *Angel's* Body, with a *Fury's* Mind:  
How great a *God Love* was, he scorn'd to know,  
How sharp his Arrows, and how strong his Bow,  
What raging Wounds he scatters here below. }  
His Talk was rude, and his Address the same,  
He gave no Comfort to the *Shepherd's* Flame.  
No cherry Lips, no Rose his Cheeks did dye,  
No pleasing Fire did sparkle in his Eye,  
Where eager Thoughts with fainting *Vertue* strove,  
No soft Discourse nor Kifs to ease his Love;  
But as a *Lyon* on the *Lybian* Plain  
Looks on his *Hunters*, he beheld the *Swain*;  
His Lips still pouting, and his Eyes unkind,  
His Forehead too was rough, as was his Mind;  
His Colour gone, and ev'ry pleasing Grace,  
Beset by *Fury*, had forsook his Face;

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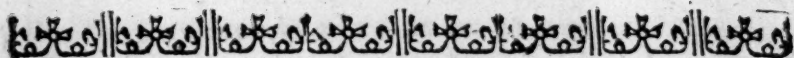


Yet 'mid'st his Passion, 'mid'st his Frowns he mov'd;  
 As these were *Charms*, he was the more belov'd.  
 But when o'ercome, he could endure no more,  
 He came and wept before the hated Door;  
 He wept and pin'd, he hung his sickly Head,  
 The Threshold kiss'd, and thus at last he said:  
 Ah, cruel Fair! and of a *Tygres* born!  
 Ah, *stony Boy*! compos'd of Frowns and Scorn!  
 Unworthy of my Love, this Rope receive,  
 The last, most welcome Present I can give.  
 I'll never vex thee more, I'll cease to woe,  
 And whither you condemned, freely go,  
 Where certain Cures for Love, as Stories tell,  
 Where dismal Shades, and dark *Oblivion* dwell;  
 Yet did I drink the whole forgetful Stream,  
 It would not drown my Love, nor quench my Flame.  
 Thy cruel Doors I bid my last Adieu,  
 Know what will come, and you shall find it true.  
 The Day is fair, but quickly yields to Shades;  
 The Lilly white, but when 'tis pluck'd, it fades;  
 The Violet lovely, but it withers soon;  
 Youth's Beauty charming, but 'tis quickly gone.  
 The Time shall come, when you, proud Boy, shall prove  
 The Heat of Passion, and the Rage of Love;  
 Then shall thy Soul melt thro' thy weeping Eye,  
 Whilst all shall smile, and you unpity'd die.  
 Yet grant one Kindness, and I ask no more;  
 When you shall see me hanging at the Door,  
 Do not go proudly by, forbear to smile,  
 But stay, *sweet Boy*, and gaze, and weep a while;  
 Then take me down, and whilst some Tears are shed,  
 Thy own soft Garment o'er my Body spread,  
 And grant one Kiss, — one Kiss, when I am dead. }  
 Ne'er fear, for you may safely grant me this,  
 I shan't revive, tho' you could love and kiss.  
 Then dig a Grave, there let my Love be laid;  
 And when you part, say thrice, *My Friend is dead*;  
 Or else go farther on, to please my Ghost,  
 And cry, *My best, my dearest Friend is lost*;

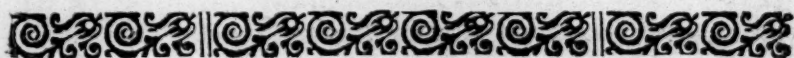
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And on my Monument inscribe this Rhime,  
 The Witness of my Love, and of thy Crime;  
*This Shepherd dy'd for Love, stay, Stranger, here,  
 And weep, and cry, he lov'd a cruel Fair.*  
 This said, he roll'd a Stone, a mighty Stone,  
 Fate lent a Hand behind, and push'd it on,  
 High by the Wall; on this he panting rose,  
 And ty'd, and fitted well the fatal Noose;  
 Then from the Place on which before he stood,  
 He slipp'd, and hung the Door's unhappy Load;  
 The Boy came forth, and with a scornful Mien,  
 And smiling Look, beheld the tragick Scene.  
 Hang there, said he; *but O! how I despise  
 So base, so mean a Trophy of my Eyes!*  
*The proudest Kings should fall by my Disdain,  
 Too noble to be lost upon a Swain.*  
 This said, he turn'd; and as he turn'd his Head,  
 His Garments were polluted by the Dead;  
 Thence to the Plays, and to the Baths did move,  
 The Bath was sacred to the God of Love;  
 For there he stood in comely Majesty,  
 Smiles on his Cheeks, and Softness in his Eye;  
 That Part of Marble, wrought into his Breast  
 By Power divine, was softer than the rest,  
 To shew how Pity did exactly suit  
 With Love, and was his darling Attribute.  
 The God leap'd forth, and dash'd the Boy, the Wound  
 Let out his Soul, and as it fled, he groan'd.  
*Hail, Lovers, hail, see here the Scornful dies  
 A just and acceptable Sacrifice;  
 Be kind, and Love for mutual Love return,  
 For see the God takes Vengeance on my Scorn.*



## IDYLLIUM XXIII.



*Hercules in his Cradle kills two Serpents, which Juno sent  
to destroy him, &c.*

To Mr. WILLIAM LATTON, of Wadham  
College.

**A**lcides ten Months old, a vigorous Child,  
Alcmena fed, and laid him on a Shield,  
(The Shield from *Pterilus Amphitryon* won  
A great auspicious Cradle for his Son ;)  
With younger *Iphiclus*, of human Race,  
No Part of him was drawn from *Jove's* Embrace ;  
On either Head her tender Hands she laid,  
And with a Mother's Fondness, thus she said ;  
*Sleep, sleep, dear Children, sleep, be free from Pain,  
Rest well to Night, to Morrow wake again.*  
This said, she stopp'd, and rock'd the sounding Shield,  
*Iphiclus* wept, and young *Alcides* smil'd :  
Sleep seiz'd on both. Now Mid-night's Shade came on,  
The flying *Bear* in Haste was tumbling down,  
And broad *Orion's* Shoulder did appear  
Arm'd with his Sword, as chasing still the *Bear*.  
When wily *Juno*, full of envious Hate,  
Drove on two dreadful Serpents to the Gate,  
She forc'd the Doors, and shew'd the open Way,  
Designing young *Alcides* for their Prey :  
Their scaly Trains roll'd o'er the trembling Floor,  
Their fiery Eyes shot sulph'rous Flames before,  
And from their Jaws dropp'd Clods of putrid Gore. }  
When near they roll'd, and did the *Infants* touch,  
E'en Sleep it self streight fled at their Approach ;

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The Children wak'd, and, by Jove's Order, Light  
Shot thro' the gloomy Darknefs of the Night.

*Iphiclus* cry'd as soon as he beheld

The Snakes twist round ; and gaping o'er the Shield,  
He kick'd the Cloaths, and toss'd, for Flight prepar'd,  
As if he meant to shun the Fate he fear'd.

But young *Alcides* stretch'd his Infant-hands,  
And grasp'd the rolling Snakes with fatal Bands ;  
He seiz'd their swelling Throats, where stor'd by Fate  
Their Poison lyes, which e'en the Gods do hate :

In that Death dips her Darts, then takes her Rounds,  
And on frail Mortals scatters certain Wounds :

Each twist'd round the Babe a dreadful Fold,  
But still he grasp'd, and took the firmer Hold ;

The Babe, not wean'd as yet, in Mind a Man,  
He shew'd his Race as soon as he began :

Ne'er in his Nurse's Arms was heard to cry,  
No Tear e'er drop'd from his unwilling Eye.

At last tir'd out, they both extended lay  
The Infant's Spoil, his first auspicious Prey.

*Alcmena's* Ears first heard the tender Cries,  
She started first, and said, *Amphytrion*, rise ;

Rise, rise, thy Aid a sudden Danger calls,  
Do'st hear how loud the younger Infant bawls ?

Do'st see these Walls shine with unusual Light ?

For yet the Morning hath not chac'd the Night ;

There's some strange Thing, there is, rise, rise, my Dear,  
From Danger free thy Babes, thy Wife from Fear.

She spake, *Amphytrion* rose, such Haste he shew'd,

As nimble Light'ning from a breaking Cloud,

He snatch'd his Sword, which o'er his valiant Head  
Hung always fasten'd to the Cedar Bed ;

A strong Belt held it, tough, and neatly made,

He grasp'd the Sheath, and drew the flaming Blade ;

When streight the Light withdrew its wond'rous Rays,

In Darknefs left him, and in wild Amaze.

Still startled more, *Lights, Slaves, Slaves, Lights*, he cries,

*Lights, Slaves*, deep Sleep far heavy on their Eyes.

*Lights, Maids*; they heard, and quick as the Command  
 A flaming Torch now shone in ev'ry Hand;  
 They all rush in, with troubled Haste they come,  
 And busy Throngs freight fill the crowded Room.  
 But when they saw two Snakes twist round the Child,  
 They shriek'd, and wept; the young *Alcides* smil'd,  
 Held out the Snakes, pleas'd with the gilded Sight,  
 Laugh'd at his own Success, and their Affright;  
 Disdain'd those Foes that with such Ease he slew,  
 And at his Father's Feet the Monsters threw.  
 Half dead *Iphiclus* on her tender Breast  
*Alcmena* clapp'd, and hush'd him into Rest:  
 The other Babe on Skins of slaughter'd Sheep  
*Amphytrion* laid, and then return'd to sleep.  
 When thrice the Cock had crow'd to wake the Sun,  
*Alcmena* starting from her Bed of Down,  
*Tiresias* call'd, from whom Truth always fell,  
 Scarce *Phæbus* knew the Mind of Fate so well.  
 She told the Tale, and said, Thrice reverend Seer,  
 Explain the Meaning, I'm prepar'd to hear;  
 Nor yet to pleasure me, conceal the Doom,  
 Or bad or good, *what Fate hath wove, must come.*  
 Thus spake the Queen, and thrice his reverend Head  
*Tiresias* shook, and thus at last he said:  
 Hail, mighty Queen, the Pride of *Perseus* Blood,  
 Happy, and Mother of a future God.  
 The Time shall come, as Years bring round the Days,  
 When *Grecian* Maids shall sing *Alcmena's* Praise;  
 And as they weave or whirl their Spindle round,  
 From ev'ry Tongue *Alcmena's* Name shall sound.  
 The *Grecians* Goddess thou shalt grace a Shrine,  
 So Great thy Son shall be, and so Divine!  
 A generous *Hero* ye shall mount on high,  
 The noblest Burthen of the bending Sky:  
 To him all Monsters, and all Men must yield,  
 The *Tyrant's* Scourge, and the *Oppressed's* Shield.  
 Twelve Labours pass'd, he shall the Skies enjoy,  
 When *Oeta's* Flames have purg'd the base Alloy;

Be call'd their Son-in-Law, appease their Hate,  
 Who rais'd these Snakes, and sent them to his Fate.  
 Then Wolves shall see young Fawns approach their Den,  
 And let them part unhurt and safe again ;  
 So great a Scourge he shall to Monsters prove,  
 And shed such Influence from his Seat above.  
 But, Queen, observe, and let a Pile be made,  
 Green Oaks, and Ash, and Birch, in Order laid :  
 Then cut these Snakes, observe the Time they came  
 To eat the Babe, and burn them o'er the Flame.  
 At Morning-peep soon quench the blazing Wood,  
 And scatter all the Ashes o'er the Flood,  
 And thence return, but with a steady Pace,  
 Nor look behind on the polluted Place :  
 Then let pure Brimstone purge the Rooms, and bring  
 Clear Fountain-water from the sweetest Spring.  
 This mix'd with Salt, with blooming Olives crown'd,  
 Spread o'er the Floor, and purge polluted Ground :  
 Then kill a Boar to *Jove*, that free from Harms  
 The Child may live, and Victory crown his Arms.

This said, he bow'd, and, with a staggering Gate,  
 For Years oppress'd him, reach'd his Ivory Seat.  
 And now the Boy, his Mother's Pride, was grown  
 Like rising Oaks, and thought *Amphytrion's* Son :  
 In Letters *Linus* did his Mind enlarge,  
 A generous *Hero*, watchful of his Charge :  
*Eumolpus* tun'd his manly Voice to sing,  
 And taught his Hand to strike the tuneful String.  
*Eurytus*, famous for his vast Estate,  
 To draw the Bow, and shoot as sure as Fate ;  
 To leap, to wrestle, and to throw the Dart,  
 He learn'd from fierce *Autolycus's* Art,  
 Sweet *Hermes's* Son, who when he fought his Foe,  
 None dar'd, tho' distant, to behold his Brow ;  
 Such frightful Fierceness did in's Looks appear,  
 And shot thro' all amaz'd Spectators Fear.  
 To drive the Chariot, and with steady Skill  
 To turn, and yet not break the bending Wheel,



*Amphytrion* kindly did instruct his Son,  
Great in that Art ; for he himself had won  
Vast precious Prizes on the *Argive* Plains,  
And still the Chariot, which he drove, remains,  
For nought but eating Time could break his Reins.  
To wield his Sword, and to assault his Foe,  
To use his Shield, and shun the coming Blow,  
To order Battels, and to raise their Force,  
Close Ambush lay, and lead the furious Horse,  
Stout *Castor* taught, when he from *Argos* fled,  
Basely deserted by the Force he led.

When *Tydeus* Arms the fatal Conquest won,  
And forc'd the weak *Adrastus* from his Throne,  
Few of the *Heroes* equall'd him in Fight,  
E'er trembling Age had put strong Youth to Flight.

Thus grew the Boy his *Mother's* Care and Pride ;  
His Bed was rais'd by his great Father's Side,  
Spread with a *Lyon's* Skin, whose Jaws asright  
The weaker Youths, but were this Boy's Delight.  
When young, he often would unsheath their Paws,  
And use his tender Hands to break their Jaws ;  
And when one Tooth was broke, with Smiles would  
meet,

And cast his *Trophies* at his Mother's Feet.  
His Food was roasted Flesh, his Loaf was great,  
As large as e'en a labouring Swain could eat :  
A sparing Meal, and unprepar'd at Night,  
His Cloaths were made for Covering, not Delight.  
Thus hardly bred, the mighty *Hero* grew  
Well fitted for the Wonders he must do.

*Imperfect in the Greek.*

IDYLLIUM

## IDYLLIUM XXIV.

*A Dialogue between Daphnis and a Shepherdess.*

To THOMAS POWEL, of Wadham-College, Esq;

- D. **P**ARIS a Herds-man *Helen* stole, 'tis said,  
 And she that *kiss'd* me, is as fair a Maid.  
 S. Pride not thy self, what *empty* Thing's a Kiss!  
 D. And yet that *empty* Thing is full of Bliss.  
 S. I wash my Mouth, and thus thy Kiss disdain.  
 D. Dost wash, my Dear? then come, let's *kiss* again.  
 S. Swain, thou should'st *kiss* thy Heifer, not a Maid.  
 D. Don't scorn, thy Youth, like Dreams, will quickly fade.  
 S. The Grapes to Raisins turning still are priz'd;  
 Nor is the Rose, tho' wither'd, soon despis'd.  
 D. Come to these Shades, I've Tales ne'er told before.  
 S. Once your sweet Tongue deceiv'd, I'll trust no more.  
 D. Go with me to those Elms, and hear my Flute.  
 S. Pipe by thy self, I hate so harsh a Note.  
 D. Let Fear of *Venus* Anger seize thy Mind.  
 S. A Fig for *Venus*, if *Diana*'s kind.  
 D. Ah, speak not thus, lest she should fix her Chain,  
 The Noose is strong, and you may strive in vain.  
 S. Aye, let her do't, I live *Diana*'s Care,  
 And she shall quickly free me from her Snare;  
 Hands off, rude Swain, I vow I'll scratch, forbear.  
 D. You must not 'scape, no Maide'er 'scap'd Love's Stroke.  
 S. I'll 'scape, by *Pan*, but thou shalt bear his Yoke.  
 D. To meaner Swains, I fear, you will be kind.  
 S. Many have woo'd, none yet e'er pleas'd my Mind.

- D. And I am one that woo, and would obtain.  
 S. What shall I do? Marriage is full of Pain.  
 D. Not Grief and Pain, but Joy attends the Bed.  
 S. Sure I have heard that Wives their Husbands dread.  
 D. No, no, they rule, for what should Women fear?  
 S. Child-birth is hard, and I'm afraid to bear.  
 D. No Fear, o'er that thy own *Diana* reigns,  
 And gives a speedy Ease to Mother's Pains.  
 S. Yet I'm afraid, should many Births prevail,  
 My Beauty fades, and then your Love may fail.  
 D. Yet should you bear fine Boys, a happy Wife!  
 How would you look into a future Life!  
 S. But come, what Joynture, Swain, if I should yield?  
 D. My Flocks, my Herds, my Woods, and all my Field.  
 S. Swear then, lest when enjoy'd, you false should prove.  
 D. Never, by *Pan*, if you'll consent to love.  
 S. Will you a Bed, a House, and Meat provide?  
 D. All this shall be the Dowry of my Bride;  
 Look, all these Flocks are mine, I'll still be true,  
 And promise you no more than I can do.  
 S. What shall I say, when my old Friends shall blame?  
 D. They'll like the Marriage, when they hear my Name.  
 S. Then tell thy Name; for Names do often please.  
 D. *Daphnis*, my Father's Joy, and Mother's Ease:  
 His Name is *Lycidas*, the noble Swain;  
 Her's *Neme*, once the Beauty of the Plain.  
 S. Thy Race is noble, but yet mine's as good.  
 D. But no Ways better; for in yonder Wood  
*Menalcus* lives, the Fountain of thy Blood.  
 S. Shew me thy Grove, and where thy Sheep-coat lyes.  
 D. These are my Trees, look how my Cypress rise.  
 S. Feed Goats, whilst I attend the *Herd-man's* Love.  
 D. Feed Bulls, I go to shew the Maid my Grove.  
 S. Rude Swain, what means your Hand upon my Breast?  
 D. The Cluster's ripe, and suing to be press'd.  
 Those I must pluck; oh! with what Heat they move!  
 And how they rise at ev'ry Touch of Love!  
 S. I quake, pull out your Hand, rude Swain, forbear.  
 D. Cheer up, no Harm, how timorous is my Dear!

S. 'Tis



S. 'Tis dirty, ah! look there, 'twill stain my Gown,  
And tell my jealous Friends what I have done.

D. I'll spread my Jerkin, 'tis a scurvy Place,  
But I'm content to pay for the Embrace.

S. Forbear, we shall be caught, I hear a Noise.

D. 'Tis nought but Trees that murmur at our Joys.

S. You tear my Coat, ah me! I am undone.

D. I'll buy a finer, and a better Gown.

S. You promise all Things now; but when enjoy'd,  
What wilt thou give? Love's gone when Lust is cloy'd.  
You will deceive, *you Men* are all Deceit.

And *we* so willing to believe the Cheat.

D. O! could I give my Soul, what Oaths can do,  
I'll bind; I must, I cannot but be true.

S. I yield, forgive, *Diana*, O! forgive,  
I liv'd thy Votary, but no more can live.

D. Pleas'd! ravish'd! O! I'll kill in yonder Grove  
A Steer to *Venus*, and a Bull to Love.

S. I'm Woman grown, who was a Maid before.

D. A teeming Woman, and a Maid no more.

Thus murmuring, they did their soft Heats improve,  
And went, and knew the Mystery of Love.

She rose, and smil'd, and *banish'd* Modesty,

Regain'd her Seat, and fate upon her Eye;

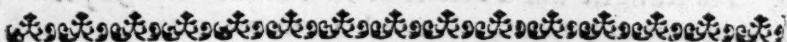
Yet secret Pleasure thro' her Looks appear'd,

And joyful *Daphnis* went, and fed his Herd.





## IDYLLIUM XXV.



*A short Account of the Death of Pentheus, the Theban King, whom his Mother and Aunts tore in Pieces for disturbing the Solemnities of Bacchus.*

To Dr. DRING of Wadham-College.

IN O, the fierce *Autonoe*, and the fair  
*Agau*, three *Thyrsi* to the Hills did bear,  
 In Number three; they pluck'd wild Oaks and Bays,  
 And in plain Fields did twelve green Altars raise;  
 With Ivy shaded, and adorn'd with Vine,  
 Fair *Semele* had three, and *Bacchus* nine;  
*Bacchus*, the Womens God, and Mens Delight,  
 These take at Day, and those receive at Night.  
 From Baskets then those sacred Gifts they made,  
 They gladly took, and on the Altar laid  
 Mysterious Gifts, to please the wond'rous God,  
 And honour him the Way that he had shov'd.  
 Young *Pentheus* lay in shady Hills conceal'd,  
 And from the Rock the wond'rous Rites beheld;  
*Autonoe* spy'd him first, and cry'd aloud,  
 See there the great Contemner of the God;  
 And out she ran, and as she went, o'ertrew  
 The sacred Rites, which no *Profane* must view.  
 She first grew mad, then all the rest were fir'd,  
 Their Fury rose as high as Rage inspir'd.  
 Young *Pentheus* fled, when he their Madness view'd,  
 They tuck'd their Coats, and eagerly persv'd.  
 He cry'd, *What mean the Women? Oh! forbear.*  
*Wretch, you shall feel, they answer'd, e'er you bear.*

His

His Mother seiz'd, and snatch'd his Head away,  
And like a Tygress grumbl'd o'er her Prey;  
*Ino* stamp'd on his Breast, his Arm she tore,  
And fierce *Autonoe* reek'd with Royal Gore;  
Others seiz'd other Limbs, each snatch'd a Part,  
And ev'ry Hand reach'd forward to his Heart.  
This done, they shouted, and ran madly down,  
And bore the bloody *Trophies* to the Town,  
Deserv'd : Let none his mighty Pow'r offend,  
Lest greater Mischiefs, and vast Pains attend ;  
Let me be good, let me the Just approve,  
For this is pleasing, and the Care of *Jove* :  
For pious Fathers on their Sons derive  
Sure Blessings, which the *Impious* cannot give ;  
They live themselves still vex'd with sharp Remorse,  
And leave a long *hereditary* Curse.  
Hail, *Bacchus*, hail, whom snatch'd from *Destiny*  
Great *Jove* secur'd, and foster'd in his Thigh.  
Hail, *Semele*, and all his Sisters, hail,  
Whose Fame resounds thro' ev'ry *Grecian* Vale.  
Their Act was just, that did reward the Sin,  
They shew'd the *Vot'ry*, and put off the *Kin*.  
Take Heed, *Profane*, by this Example show'd,  
For what the Gods inspire, must needs be good.

IDYLLIUM XXVI.

*Advice to a Friend to be constant in his Love.*

To CHARLES VINER, of Wadham-College, Esq;

**W***ine, Friend, and Truth, the Proverb says, agree,  
And now I'm heated, take this Truth from me;  
The*

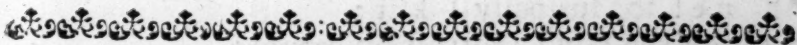


The Secrets that lay deep, and hid before,  
 Now rais'd by Wine, swim up, and bubble o'er;  
 Then take this rising Truth, I can't controul,  
*Thou dost not love me, Youth, with all thy Soul.*  
 I know it, for this half of Life I boast,  
 I have from you, the other half is lost.  
 Whene'er you smile, I rival Gods above,  
 Grown perfect, and exalted by thy Love;  
 But when you frown, and when Dislike you show,  
 I sink to Hell, more curs'd than all below;  
 Yet how can this with common Sense agree  
 To torture one that loves, and dies for thee?  
 But, *Youth*, could my Advice thy Thoughts engage,  
 Mine, who have learn'd Experience by my Age;  
 The Counsel's good, and when a num'rous Store  
 Of Blessings crown thee, thou wilt praise me more.  
 On one Tree build one Nest, and build it strong,  
 Where no fierce Snake can creep, and seize thy Young.  
 Now here you stand, and suddenly are gone,  
 You leap from Bough to Bough, and fix on none.  
 If any views thy Beauty, and commends,  
 You freight enrol him 'midst your ancient Friends;  
 Whilst all your old Acquaintance laid aside;  
 Dear *Youth*, this smells of Vanity and Pride.  
 Love one, your *Equal*, love whilst Life remains,  
 This pleases all, and Commendation gains;  
 By this your Passion will but light appear,  
 Which conquers all, and all are forc'd to bear.  
 Love seizes all, and doth all Minds controul;  
 It melts the stubborn Temper of my Soul.  
 But O! I must embrace, Dear, grant one Kiss,  
 And thus reward, and practise my Advice.

IDYLLIUM



IDYLLIUM XXVII.

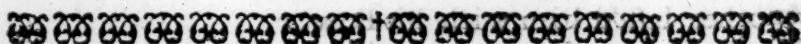


*The Boar that kill'd Adonis, is brought before Venus.*

To WILLIAM KENRICK, of Wadham-College, Esq;

**W**hen *Venus* saw *Adonis* dead,  
 His Cheeks all pale, and Beauty fled;  
 His Hair grown stiff with clotted Gore,  
 And now to be belov'd no more;  
 She bad her *Cupids* trace the Grove,  
 And bring the Boar that kill'd her *Love*.  
 They, quick as the Command, ran o'er  
 The Wood, and found the *hated* Boar;  
 They seiz'd, and bound, strong Cords they twin'd,  
 Some drew before, some drove behind;  
 One twirl'd his Tail to make him go,  
 Another lash'd him with his Bow.  
 The fearful *Beast* went trembling on,  
 As conscious of the Deed he'd done;  
 His hanging Looks his Guilt betray'd,  
 Of *Venus* Fury much afraid.  
 When come, her Rage these Words exprest,  
 Thou vilest Monster of a Beast,  
 Were these the cruel Tusks did tear?  
 Wast thou the Ruin of my Dear?  
 The *Boar* reply'd, By thee, thy Love;  
 By all that's kind, and apt to move;  
 By what I suffer, by these Chains,  
 And these that drive me to my Pains,

I ne'er had a Design to kill  
 Thy *Fair*, it was against my Will :  
 But when I saw his naked Thigh,  
 As white as polish'd Ivory,  
 How did my *Flame* and *Fury* rise !  
 How was I fir'd at the Surprise !  
 At last, unable to resist,  
 Ah, me ! too furiously I kist ;  
 And this the Boy's Destruction brought,  
 And *Love* betray'd me to a Fault.  
 These *Tusks* destroy, and punish these,  
 The curs'd Disturbers of thy Ease ;  
 For why should I have Leave to prove  
 These *Tusks*, that have no Use in Love ?  
 Or, if the Crime demands no less,  
 These *Lips* I offer to appease.  
 These Words, so movingly express,  
 Calm'd all the *Fury* of her Breast ;  
 She soon forgave, releas'd her Foe,  
 And bad her *Cupids* let him go ;  
 But he ne'er sought the Woods again,  
 But staid attending on her Train,  
 And to the Funeral Pile he came,  
 And burnt his *Tusks* in the devouring Flame.



## IDYLLIUM XXVIII.



*He presents a Distaff to Theeugnis his Friend, Nicias's Wife.*

To Mr. CHARLES WHITEING, of Wadham-College.

**D**istaff, thou greatest Gift on Man bestow'd,  
 By fair *Minerva*, as the chiefest Good,

Whom

Whom wise and thrifty *Women* still retain,  
 And raise their *Husband's* Fortune by their Pain;  
 Retire with me to *Nileu's* beauteous Town,  
 Where stately Shrines grace *Venus* and her Son;  
 For thither, *Distaff*, I am now design'd,  
 And beg of mighty *Jove* a prosp'rous Wind:  
 For my dear Friend and self my Pray'rs employ'd,  
 Wish to enjoy, and be by Turns enjoy'd.  
*Nicias*, in whom the sweet-tongu'd Graces rest,  
*Learning it self is seated in his Breast*;  
 There thou, of polish'd *Iv'ry* fram'd, shalt prove  
 A grateful Present to his dearest Love:  
 From thee shall all her Husband's Vests be spun;  
 From thee she'll often draw a flow'ry Gown;  
 For Lambs do loose their Fleeces twice a Year,  
 To fill her Baskets, and be wrought by her.  
 So painful is *Theeugnis*, what the wife  
 And thrifty Matrons value, she will prize:  
 Nor would I send thee to an idle Place,  
 Thou Product of our Country, and our Grace;  
 For thou wer't made where Walls stout *Archias* fram'd,  
 The Pride of *Sicily*, for Valour fam'd.  
 Now thou shalt visit him, whose wond'rous Skill  
 Can save the Men that *Fate* designs to kill;  
 Whose Herbs can soon restore a Life when lost,  
 And by his Art bring back the flying Ghost;  
 That fair *Theeugnis* may by all be known  
 To have the neatest *Distaff* in the Town;  
 And still of me, her Friend, kind Thoughts infuse,  
 Of me, the chiefest Darling of the Muse.  
 There some shall see thee, and these Words repeat,  
 The Present's small, but yet the Kindness great;  
 The Giver's Love doth little Gifts commend,  
 And ev'ry Thing is valu'd from a Friend.



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IDYLLIUM XXIX.

\*\*\*\*\*

Hercules going to Augias, meets a Herds-man, of whom he asks the usual Questions which a Stranger makes, and receives Satisfaction, and is afterwards brought to the King and his Son Phyleus, who were then in the Fields. By those he is invited to the Town, and in the Way tells Phyleus how he had kill'd the Nemean Lyon.

To Mr. THOMAS PIGGOT, of Wadham-College.

*Imperfect in the Greek.*

AND then the *Herds-man*, from his lab'ring Hand,  
 He threw his Work, thus answer'd his Demand,  
 I'll gladly tell whate'er thy Mind desires;  
 This *Justice* craves, and *Mercury* requires;  
 For he, of all the Gods, resents it most,  
 When we deny a *Stranger* what is just.  
 Look, Stranger, all the num'rous Herds around,  
 With which the Vales are fill'd, and Hills are crown'd,  
 King *Augias* owns; o'er thousand Plains they spread,  
 In diff'rent Meads, and various Pastures fed;  
 Some on the flow'ry Banks of *Eli* stray,  
 And some where smooth *Alpheus* eats his Way;  
 Some 'midst the Vines, in fair *Bouprassum* go;  
 Some here, the Vallies tremble when they low.  
 For each of these the King fair Stalls hath rear'd,  
 Tho' num'rous, large, and equal to the Herd;  
 And here fresh Grass still cloths the fruitful Plain;  
 The Blades, as soon as crop'd, arise again;  
 For Springs cut thro' the Plain, and feed the Grass,  
 All fit to fatten Oxen, and increase.

Look,

Look, on thy right Hand, far beyond the Flood,  
The Stall appears between the shady Wood,  
Next, where high *Planes*, and where wild *Olives* grow,  
*Apollo's* Shrine, to whom the Herds-men bow,  
And own the greatest Deity below.

Next are the *Farmers* Stalls, whose Labours bring  
Whole Streams of Gain, and much enrich the King;  
For thrice they plough, thrice sow the teeming Soil,  
Which still invites, and still rewards their Toil.  
Many large Vineyards plant, his Vines they dress,  
And sweaty Autumn treads the flowing Press;  
For all these Gardens, Fields, and Plains around,  
Till yonder watry Hills, the Compass bound,  
King *Augias* owns, and here all Day we bear  
The Heat and Cold, and urge the weighty Share.

But, Sir, (for I no common Aid may prove)  
What Bus'ness led you to this happy Grove?  
Would you the King, or any *Servant* see,  
I can direct you, you shall learn from me;  
For sure you seem, if well I mark your Face,  
Great in your self, and noble in your Race.  
How brave you look! and what a Port you bear!  
So look the Sons of Gods when they appear.

This said, he bow'd, and *Jove's* stout Son reply'd,  
Swain, gen'rous, free from Savageness or Pride,  
I seek the King whom all these Realms obey;  
Bus'ness with him first drew my Feet this Way.  
If 'midst his Subjects now he keeps the Town,  
Dispensing Justice from his equal Throne,  
Give me a Swain to guide, a Master Swain,  
Who, when I ask, can answer me again;  
For Man is made to be a Help to Man.

Thus spake *Alcides*, thus the Swain reply'd,  
Sir, all the Way some God your Feet must guide;  
So luckily Things happen, so conspire  
To please your Mind, and answer your Desire.  
Last Night King *Augias*, and his valiant Son,  
Young *Phyleus*, left the Hurry of the Town;

They came to spend some Days 'midst *peaceful* Swains,  
 And view their *wond'rous* Riches on the Plains.  
 This Pains some *Princes* take, they leave their Ease,  
 For when they watch themselves, their Stores increase.  
 When with Heav'n's *Providence* they join their own,  
 A double Guard secures their safer Throne.

But come, let's go, and both the *Prince* attend  
 In yonder Stall, he'll love so great a Friend.

This said, he hasten'd to conduct his Guest,  
 His Wonder still at ev'ry Step increas't ;  
 His Lyon's Skin, vast Club, his Mein and Face,  
 Still heighten'd, still he wonder'd what he was ;  
 Oft he would ask, but yet as oft repress't  
 The rising Question in his troubled Breast,  
 Lest it should seem too rude, and ill-design'd ;  
 For, O ! 'tis hard to know another's Mind.  
 Whilst yet far off, the *faithful Mastiffs* knew  
 The Noise and Smell of both, and out they flew ;  
 From ev'ry Part they at the *Hero* run  
 With open Mouths, resolv'd to tear him down ;  
 But round the Swain they wagg'd their Tails, and play'd,  
 And in hoarse Murmurs savage Joy betray'd.  
 He stoop'd to take up Stones, they stop'd their Noise,  
 He spoke, they fear'd the Thunder of his Voice :  
 All silent fled, but yet the Swain was glad  
 To see his Mastiff's Care, and thus he said,  
 What useful Creatures are these Dogs to Man !  
 How full of Care ! how useful to a Swain !  
 Had they but Reason to know whom to tear,  
 And whom to love, what Creature could compare !  
 But now they're brutish, then he cry'd, Be gone,  
 Each took his Stall, and lay in Quiet down.

Now down the *West*, with a descending Ray,  
 Bright *Phæbus* drove, and bore declining Day.  
 Now Shades drew on, and full of Milk and Food,  
 The Sheep came Home, and lay and chew'd the Cud.  
 Next these, the Cows and Oxen fill'd the Plain,  
 As thick as Clouds when *Jove* descends in Rain :

When



When watry *South* Winds bring their Treasures forth;  
 Or when they're huddled by the stormy *North*,  
 No Man can count them, for so fast they rise,  
 And follow one another thro' the Skies;  
 Still new and new the driving Tempest brings,  
 And bears vast Burthens on his weary Wings.  
 These Herds a Herds-man drove, the Fields and Road  
 Were fill'd, the Vallies sounded when they low'd.  
 The Stalls were crowded, and could scarce contain,  
 And Sheep lay round, and bleated o'er the Plain.  
 Tho' thousand Slaves stood round of ev'ry Kind,  
 None wanted Work, all had their Tasks assign'd.  
 One shackled *starting* Cows, and whilst they stood  
 He milk'd, and streight the largest Pail o'erflow'd.  
 One let the Calves to suck, they soon were fill'd  
 With sweetest Milk, such Stores the Cows did yield.  
 Some bore the Pails, and some did run the Cheefe  
 Hot from the Cow; some rais'd the Wring to squeeze;  
 And some the Bulls apart from Heifers drove,  
 They turn'd and bellow'd, eager on their Love.  
 The King himself went round to ev'ry Herd,  
 To see what Calves his Servants Care had rear'd;  
 And whilst thro' his vast Stores he trac'd the Plain,  
 His Son and great *Alcides* made his Train.

Here, tho' our *Hero's* Soul great Shews despis'd,  
 Was constant, fix'd, too brave to be surpriz'd;  
 Yet now, at last, his Wonder rose to view  
 Such num'rous Herds, and scarce could think 'twas true,  
 That one such Stores should have, which could suffice  
 Ten Kings, and fill capacious Avarice.  
 But this was a peculiar Favour shown,  
 A Blessing sent by *Phæbus* on his Son;  
 His Cattle still must thrive, his Herds be bless'd,  
 And Heav'n secur'd whate'er the King possess'd.  
 His Cows ne'er cast their Calves, and no Disease,  
 The Herds-man's Plague, was e'er allow'd to seize.  
 From Year to Year the num'rous Herd increas'd,  
 New Calves were rear'd, and still the last were best.



Three hundred Bulls, turn'd Horns grace ev'ry Head,  
 Their Legs were White, with these two hundred Red;  
 All leap'd the Cows, begot a num'rous Race,  
 And soon supply'd frail *Nature's* Chance-decays.  
 Apart from these, twelve mighty Bulls did run,  
 As white as Snow, and sacred to the *Sun*;  
 Each with his Shape might tempt the *Tyrian* Queen,  
 They fed, were pleas'd, and wanton'd o'er the Green;  
 And when fierce Lyons from the Woods appear'd,  
 They turn'd to fight, and still secur'd the Herd;  
 They bellow'd loud, they tore the trembling Ground,  
 And with bent Fore-heads, aim'd a double Wound.  
 'Midst these, one Bull did far excel the rest,  
 Call'd *Phaeton*, a stout and mighty Beast.  
 This Name the Herds-man gave, deduc'd from Light;  
 For his quick Courage, and his Strength in Fight;  
 He all excell'd, was stately, valiant, fair,  
 As much as *Phaeton* the meanest Star.  
 The *Lyon's* Skin that o'er the *Hero* spread,  
 As soon as first he saw, he bent his Head,  
 And ran to push, he quickly shunn'd the Wound,  
 His left Horn grasp'd, and pull'd him to the Ground;  
 In vain he strove, in vain he spurn'd the Sand,  
 With doubled Strength the *Hero* fix'd his Hand;  
 Then urg'd his Breast, and forc'd the *Bull* to rear  
 On high, and held him beating in the Air.  
 The *King*, his valiant *Son*, and all the Plain  
 Admir'd his Strength, and thought him more than Man.  
 The Prince and *Hero*, now dark Shades grew on,  
 The Meadows left, and hasten'd to the Town.  
 They took a Path, which, from the distant Stall,  
 Thro' Vineyards led, and thro' a pleasing Vale;  
 'Twas little beaten, thro' a shady Grove,  
 A soft and cool Retreat for happy Love;  
 No heavy Clowns came there, whose weighty Tread  
 Might spoil the Verdure of the Grassy Bed;  
 And as they walk'd with a Majestick Look,  
 Young *Phylens* turn'd his Head, and thus he spoke:

Sir,

Sir, if I guess aright, your sounding Fame  
 Hath reach'd my Ears, tho' not reveal'd your Name;  
 For one an *Argive*, valiant, stout, and young,  
 From *Aelis* came, and pleas'd the list'ning Throng.  
 He said, whilst he was there, and vow'd 'twas true,  
 A valiant *Greek* a furious *Lyon* slew,  
 Strong, cruel, bloody, that destroy'd the Swains,  
 The fierce *Nemean* Terror of the Plains.  
 But whether *Argos* his great Birth could boast,  
 Or *Sparta* gave, my Mem'ry now has lost.  
 But yet he said, tho' I forget the Place,  
 For that I mind, he was of *Perseus* Race:  
 You, Sir, I hope are he, the Man that fought;  
 This Skin proclaims as much, and clears my Doubt.  
 But pray inform me, 'twill afford Delight,  
 And please me much, if I conjecture right:  
 Tell me if you are *He*, the Brave, the Bold,  
 Of whom the *Argive's* wond'rous Tale was told:  
 Tell how the *Lyon* fell, what Strokes he stood,  
 And how he came to the *Nemean* Wood;  
 For did you seek it, you would seek in vain  
 For such a Monster on the *Grecian* Plain;  
 She breeds no such, the Bear, the Wolf, and Boar,  
 Unlucky Beasts she breeds, and breeds no more:  
 Hence some admire, and some the Tale accuse,  
 As if contriv'd to please, and to amuse.

This said, he bow'd, and stepp'd aside to shew  
 The Path was large, and wide enough for two;  
 He begg'd the *Hero* to advance more near,  
 That they might speak with greater Ease, and hear:  
 He soon came forward; and whilst Side by Side  
 They walk'd, he to his Question thus reply'd.

Brave *Augias* Son, whate'er the *Prince* hath said,  
 Is right, and his Conjecture duly weigh'd;  
 Yet I'll inform you how the Monster fell,  
 And when it came; for very few can tell;  
 But most imagine, 'twas design'dly sent  
 To prove the base *Pheropeans* Punishment.

Neglect

Neglect of Duty had provok'd a God :  
 The poor *Pisceans*, like a headlong Flood,  
 He ravag'd o'er, and drown'd their Fields in Blood ;  
 But most the *Bembineans* felt his Rage,  
 And linger'd on a miserable Age.  
 This Task *Eurystheus*, whom I must obey,  
 Impos'd, and hop'd to see me prove the Lion's Prey ;  
 I took my Bow, my hollow Quiver bore  
 Sharp Arrows, arm'd with the *Lernean Gore* ;  
 Whene'er I draw a Shaft, Deaths wait around  
 To guide the Dart, and enter at the Wound.  
 My left Hand grasp'd my Club, strong, knotty, rude,  
 With all its Bark, unpolish'd from the Wood ;  
 It grew on *Helicon*, I pluck'd it thence  
 With Roots and all, and weild for my Defence.  
 Approaching to the Wood, I bent my Bow,  
 My Arrow knock'd, and wish'd to meet my Foe ;  
 I look'd around, and try'd, prepar'd for Fight,  
 To 'spy the Beast, and take Advantage of the Sight.  
 'Twas Mid-day now, and yet no Beast appear'd,  
 No Track was seen, nor any Roaring heard ;  
 No Herds-man Swain, that might his Den declare,  
 All lay at Home chain'd up with slavish Fear :  
 But still I trac'd the Groves, thro' Woods I press'd,  
 Resolv'd at last to find and fight the *Beast* ;  
 For ev'ry Ev'ning glutted with the Blood  
 Of slaughter'd *Beasts*, he took the shady Wood ;  
 His Mane was stiff with Gore, his grisly Beard  
 His long Tongue lick'd, with Blood and Foam besmear'd.  
 Behind a Thicket I impatient lay,  
 And wish'd each *Minute* was the Close of Day,  
 That I might see him. — Lo, at last he came  
 In Look as dreadful as he was in Fame.  
 I drew my Bow, and shot, the String did sound,  
 And *Death* stood ready to attend the Wound ;  
 But from his Side the Shaft rebounding fell,  
 And prov'd the harden'd Beast was arm'd too well.  
 The *Lyon* roar'd, he rais'd his furious Head,  
 And look'd to see from whence the Arrow fled ;

His



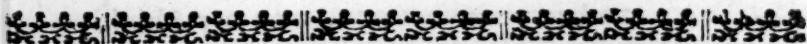
His flaming Eyes shot Fire, unsheath'd his Paws,  
 He gap'd, and Teeth look'd dreadful in his Jaws.  
 I knock'd *another* Arrow, drew again,  
 Enrag'd to see the *former* shot in vain;  
 The Breast it struck, where Life maintains her Seat,  
 And labouring Lungs still fan the vital Heat;  
 But that in vain did from his *Breast* rebound,  
 And rais'd his Fury, but it gave no Wound.  
 A *third* I drew; but ere I aim'd aright,  
 The Beast perceiv'd me, and prepar'd for Fight;  
 His *Tail* twirl'd round, his Neck was swoln with Rage,  
 And ev'ry Limb seem'd eager to engage;  
 His *Mane* stood up, his fiery Eyes did glow,  
 And *crooked Back* was bent into a Bow.  
 And as when *Whealers* take a sturdy Oak,  
 Or Elm, and bathe it in the glowing Smoak,  
 To make a *Wheel*, at first it bends, and stands,  
 And then at once leaps from their grasping Hands;  
 So leap'd the Beast at me, such Springs as these  
 He made, grown eager, and resolv'd to seize.  
 But I receiv'd him, in my Left I held  
 My Darts, and a thick Garment was my Shield,  
 My Right did wield my Club, and aim'd a Blow,  
 As he was leaping forward, at his Brow,  
 A lucky Blow, but on the harden'd Bones  
 It broke, the *Lyon* sigh'd in hollow Groans;  
 Some Steps retir'd, as if all *Sense* was fled,  
 And stood with shaking Legs, and dizzy Head;  
 Mists seiz'd his Eyes, and an amazing Pain  
 Ran thro' the crazy Vessels of his Brain.  
 This I observ'd, and now an easy Prey,  
 I threw my Quiver and my Shafts away,  
 And seiz'd his Neck; and whilst his *Sense* was gone,  
 I grip'd him hard, and kept the *Lyon* down;  
 My Grips I doubled, and behind I press'd,  
 Lest his sharp Paws should tear my adverse Breast;  
 On's hinder Feet I trod, and squeez'd his Thighs  
 With mine, he spurn'd in vain, and strove to rise.



At last o'ercome, when he had strove in vain,  
 He lay extended on the fatal Plain,  
 I held him *breathless*, did his Force controul,  
 And gaping *Hell* receiv'd his mighty Soul;  
 Then next I fought how I might gain the Spoils,  
 And with his precious Skin reward my Toils:  
 The Task was hard, for neither Wood, nor Stone,  
 Nor Steel; could pierce, and make the Skin my own.  
 But then some *God* did happy Thoughts infuse,  
 The Paws he shew'd, and taught me those to use:  
 I did, and flea'd him, and the Hide I bear  
 To be my strong Security in War.  
 Thus fell the Beast, by which such Numbers fell,  
 And fled, amid'st his slaughter'd Heaps, to Hell.



## IDYLLIUM XXX.



*The Fight between Amycus and Pollux. This Amycus being excellently well skill'd at Whirlebats, made a Decree, that whatever Stranger came into his Country, should fight with him; after he had slain a great many, Pollux at last overcomes him.*

To Mr. ROBERT D'OYLY, of Wadham-College.

**F**Air Leda's Sons, and mighty Jove's I sing,  
 Castor and Pollux, Glories of the Ring;  
 None toss their Whirlebats with so brave a Force,  
 None guide so well the Fury of their Horse;  
 With trebled Songs I sing the glorious Two,  
 The great Supports and Helps of *Man* below;  
 When 'midst destructive Wars swift Dangers press,  
 Or stormy Stars send Tempests o'er the Seas,

They

They toss the Floods, and raise the swelling Tide  
 At Poop or Prow, and dash on either Side,  
 Or pour into the Ship; the Planks and Masts  
 Are torn, nor can the Sails endure the Blasts,  
 But rent, hang useles; Storms of Hail and Rain  
 From Heaven descend, and beat the spacious Main;  
 The Waters roar, the troubled Ocean raves,  
 Whilst Hail and stormy Winds upraise the Waves;  
 Yet then you draw the Ship from deepest Seas,  
 And those that look'd for Death, are cheer'd with Ease,  
 The Clouds all fly, and Storms in strict Silence keep,  
 And a smooth Calmness spreads o'er all the Deep;  
 Bright Stars appear, and with a beauteous Ray  
 Prefage good Voyages, and shew the Way;  
 Great Helps to Man, of both my Muse must write,  
 Both skill'd in Horses, Singing, and in Fight.  
 But Muse, whose Praises must I first rehearse?  
 Sing both, — first *Pollux* grace thy sounding Verse.

When *Argo's* Sails had 'scap'd the closing Shores,  
 And swept cold *Pontus* with her nimble Oars,  
 She touch'd *Bebryca*, forc'd by prosperous Fate,  
 The Sons of *Gods* and *Hero's* were her Freight,  
 And there they landed. When they came to land,  
 Some rais'd Grass-beds, and, by their Lord's Command,  
 Some dress'd their Meat upon the naked Sand. }  
*Castor* and *Pollux*, weary of the Floods,  
 Left all their Mates, and trac'd the shady Woods;  
 And as they gaz'd, beneath a gloomy Cave  
 They saw a Spring rowl on a purling Wave,  
 Like Silver pure, and round on ev'ry Part,  
 By Nature made, and not contriv'd by Art,  
 Small Fountains flow'd, and bubbled o'er the Grass,  
 As clear as Crystal, and as smooth as Glass.  
 Tall Firs, and Planes, and Cypresses, shade the Streams,  
 Defending from the Fury of the Beams;  
 The Banks were crown'd with Flowers, which Nature  
 brings  
 For Bees, and to embalm the dying Springs.

By

By this a Man in shining Armour fate,  
 Frightful his Look, and terrible as Fate :  
 His Face was full of Knubs, how large his Chest ?  
 His Shoulders broad, and equal to his Breast :  
 His Flesh like Brass, more hard the more he fought,  
 Like a *Colossus* on an Anvil wrought.  
 And as tall Rocks that have long Time withstood  
 The numerous Whirlings of a rapid Flood,  
 At last grow round, but yet unconquer'd stand,  
 So look'd the swelling Muscles on his Hand ;  
 And o'er his Shoulders hung a Lyon's Skin,  
 Clasp'd by the golden Paws beneath his Chin ;  
 With some Surprize and Wonder in his Look,  
 Brave *Pollux* view'd him, and at last he spoke.  
*P.* Health, Sir, what Nations plough this happy Shore ?  
*A.* How Health, when I see Men ne'er seen before ?  
*P.* Fear not, we're honest, and no Danger's near.  
*A.* I do not, nor need you bid me not fear.  
*P.* Your Answer's rude, your Manners are untame.  
*A.* What's that ? Sir, as you see me, such I am.  
 But what have you to do to tread these Shores,  
 Did e'er I come to trouble you on yours ?  
*P.* Sir, if you did, you should be entertain'd,  
 Be grac'd with Gifts, and treated as a Friend.  
*A.* Talk not of Presents thus, thy Gifts I scorn,  
 Nor have I any ready to return.  
*P.* May I not taste the Streams that idly flow ?  
*A.* If Thirst hath scorch'd thy Bowels, thou shalt know.  
*P.* Here's Gold, I'll give you any Price to gain.  
*A.* Then you must fight a single Man to Man ;  
 Set Foot to Foot, and steady Eyes advance,  
 And use your greatest Skill, nor trust to Chance.  
*P.* Whom must I fight with ? Must I beat the Air ?  
*A.* Thy Match is ready, and thy Equal near.  
*P.* And what's the Prize ? What must the Conqueror have ?  
*A.* The conquer'd, Sir, shall be the Conqueror's Slave.  
*P.* This is *Cock's* Sport, not fit for generous Men,  
 Where the dull Dastard leaves the cackling Hen.

*A.* Or



*A. Or Cocks, or Lyons, I'm resolv'd on this ;  
I than my self can stake no worthier Prize.*

This said, *Amycus* did his Trumpet sound,  
The Vallies rung, and eccho'd all around,  
Thro' every distant Field the Noise was heard,  
And Crowds of stout *Bebrycians* soon appear'd :  
Whilst from the Ship the thronging *Heroes* press,  
To view the Fight, and judge of the Success ;  
Now were their *Whirlbats* bound, rough Thongs em-  
brac'd

Their knotty Arms, and ty'd their *Weapons* fast :  
Out they advanc'd, and each with Fury shook ;  
They breath'd Defiance, Terror in their Look.

Here was a noble Strife of Art begun,  
Who on his Back should gain the setting Sun ;  
And *Pollux* gain'd it, the descending Rays  
Shone full in mighty *Amycus's* Face.

Enrag'd at this, his headlong Fury rose,  
And he rush'd on, and doubled all his Blows ;  
But *Pollux* fous'd his Cheek, it flow'd with Gore,  
He saw his Blood, and then he rag'd the more.

The Fight grew hotter, like a mighty Oak  
He backward bent to take the greater Stroke ;  
Shouts the *Bebrycians* gave, and rais'd his Heat ;  
The *Heroes* cheer'd stout *Pollux* with as great ;  
For they all fear'd, lest forc'd to narrow Streights,  
*Pollux* should fall beneath the threaten'd Weights.

But he, with dext'rous Skill, and watchful Art,  
Still shunn'd the Strokes, secure on ev'ry Part ;  
He ply'd him hard, and did his Force controul ;  
Tho' great his Courage, furious was his Soul.  
Doz'd with the Strokes, the nodding *Hero* stood,  
And from his Mouth flow'd Streams of clotted Blood.

The *Grecians* shouted, when they view'd the Blows,  
And saw his broken Cheeks and batter'd Nose ;  
His Eyes contracted in his swelling Face,  
And by their Shoutings, doubled the Disgrace.

The *Prince* still eager press'd, he ply'd him hard,  
And with false Strokes soon beat him from his Guard ;



And when he saw him staggering, aim'd a Blow,  
 The Stroke was sure, and smote his haughty Brow:  
 The *Ball* return'd as from a harden'd Stone,  
 But tore the Flesh, and left the naked Bone.  
 O'ercome by this, and yielding to the Wound,  
 The *Hero* fell, and bit the bloody Ground;  
 But rose, and then in fiercer Fight engag'd,  
 By his disgraceful Wounds and Pains enrag'd.  
 Both toss'd their *Whirlbats*, and vast Wounds bestow'd,  
 With Blood and Sweat their labouring Bodies flow'd.  
 Stout *Amycus* still aim'd at Hands and Breast,  
 And with redoubled Force he bravely press'd;  
 But wiser *Pollux* every fatal Blow  
 Aim'd at his Head, and craz'd his nodding Brow;  
 His Limbs grew less, his Colour turn'd to pale,  
 And from a mighty *Giant*, shrunk to *small*:  
 But *Pollux* seem'd to grow, he look'd more great,  
 His Colour better, and increas'd by Heat.

But, *Muse*, how *Pollux* did the *Hero* quell,  
 What Stroke he gave, explain, for you can tell;  
 I sing as you direct, your Voice obey,  
 And gladly follow, when you lead the Way.

Designing now to push the Combat on,  
 He seiz'd on *Pollux* left Hand with his own;  
 Bending to shun the Stroke, and closing nigh  
 Reach'd out his right, and grasp'd his brawny Thigh;  
 But he his Body bow'd, and broke the Lock,  
 And at his *Temple* aim'd a fatal Stroke,  
 Just where the vital Powers their Seats maintain,  
 And work new *Spirits* to support the Brain,  
 There fell the Blow; wide gap'd the horrid Wound  
 To let in *Fate*, and the vast *Hero* groan'd:  
 The Blood sprang out, his Mouth his left Hand smote,  
 And shatter'd Teeth fell down his batter'd Throat;  
 His Cheeks were beaten close, his Nose grew flat,  
 And trebled Blows still urg'd his hasty Fate.  
 The *Hero* fell extended o'er the Plain,  
 Gave o'er the Fight, nor could he rise again;

His

His Hands stretch'd out, as, whilst he breath'd his last,  
He meant to keep off Fate that came too fast.  
Here no proud Word, and no disdainful Strain  
On thy fall'n Foe, did thy great Conquest stain ;  
But he by his great Father *Neptune* swore,  
That he would never injure *Strangers* more.  
Thus have I *Pollux* sung, and paid my Due,  
My next, great *Castor*, must be grac'd by you.

PART II.

*Castor and Pollux had taken away Phæbe and Talaris, the Daughters of Lucippus, who were betroth'd to Lynceus and Idas, the Sons of Aphareus. A War ensuing, Castor kills Lynceus, and Idas is slain by Thunder.*

NOW had the valiant Sons of mighty *Jove*  
Grown fierce, and too injurious by their Love,  
*Lucippus* Daughters seiz'd, and forc'd away  
Their beauteous Prize, and melancholly Prey.  
*Aphareus* Sons persv'd, resolv'd to try  
Their Force, and gain their promis'd Brides, or die :  
Both Sides now meet at brave *Aphareus* Tomb,  
Which Fate design'd the *Lovers* Field of Doom ;  
All from their Chariots leap, for Fight prepare,  
Well arm'd, and well appointed for the War.  
When *Lynceus* thus beneath his Helmet spoke,  
The *Vallies* echo'd, and the *Mountains* shook :  
What means this Rage, this impious Violence,  
To ravish first, then fight in its Defence ?  
What mean the Shields and Spears, these *Iron Bands*,  
And naked Weapons in your threat'ning Hands ?  
*Lucippus* Daughters are by right our Due,  
*Betroth'd* to us before e'er known to you ;  
His *Oaths* confirm'd it, and 'twas base by Stealth  
To covet others Right, and others Wealth ;

By Gifts to bribe him, and his Mind pervert,  
 And win by Art, unable by Desert.  
 And often I, your base Designs to check,  
 Have said, tho' I can better fight than speak,  
*Unprincely 'tis to court another's Spouse,*  
*And tempt weak Innocence to break her Vows :*  
*Sparta and Elis breed a numerous Race,*  
 All perfect Beauties both in Mind and Face ;  
 There you may court, and whom you please may have.  
 What Parents will refuse the Rich and Brave ?  
 Permit our Match, let us our Right pursue,  
 And we will join to find fit *Brides* for you.  
 These were my Words ; but these the wanton Winds  
 Bore to the Floods, they never reach'd your Minds ;  
 For both inexorably bent appear'd  
 You heard, but ne'er regarded what you heard.  
 Yet now be *just*, our promis'd Brides restore,  
 For we are kin, and then I ask no more.  
 But if you needs must fight, if War desire,  
 If nought but Blood can quench your lustful Fire,  
 Let *Pollux*, and let *Idas* Arms forbear,  
 And never try the hated Chance of War :  
 Let, *Castor*, you and I the Fight maintain,  
 And see whose Courage shews the bravest Man ;  
 For this will give our Friends sufficient Proof,  
 And if one falls, there will be Loss enough :  
 Let some survive to cheer our drooping Friends,  
 And wed the Maids, and make them just Amends ;  
 For this is *friendly* to restrain our Heat,  
 And make the Loss but *small*, when the Contention's  
*great.*

Thus *Lyncæus* spoke, to this both Sides agree,  
 And *Jove* confirm'd it by his fix'd Decree ;  
*Pollux* and *Idas* laid their Arms beside,  
 Attending what their *Brothers* should decide.  
*Lyncæus* did first within the Lifts appear,  
 Beneath his Shield he shook his threat'ning Spear ;  
 Then *Castor* came, strong Shields did guard their Breasts,  
 And on their *Helmets* nodded dreadful Crests.

First



# Of THEOCRITUS.

101

First with their Spears began the noble Strife,  
Each fought to find an open Pass to Life;  
But all in vain, the Shields the Strokes endur'd,  
Their Spears were blunted, and the Men secur'd;  
Their Swords they drew, the *Blades* like *Lightning* shone  
Before the *Thunderbolt* falls swiftly down.  
Now rose their Fury, *Castor* bravely press'd,  
He pierc'd his Shield, and chop'd the waving Crest,  
And many Thrusts the quick-ey'd *Lyncæus* made;  
The Shield and Crest once felt his furious Blade.  
But *Castor* stepping backward, reach'd a Blow,  
And struck his Wrist, and ram'd his *haughty* Foe;  
Disabled thus, and grown unfit for Fight,  
He drop'd his Weapon, and prepar'd for Flight  
To his great *Father's* Tomb, where *Idas* sat,  
A sad Spectator of his Brother's Fate.  
But *Castor* soon persu'd, close Thrusts he made,  
And thro' his Belly forc'd his thund'ring Blade;  
Out rush'd his Bowels thro' the gaping Wound,  
And he fell forward on the shaking Ground.  
Cold *Death* came on, and did his Heart surprize,  
And Sleep eternal fate upon his Eyes.

Nor did his Mother valiant *Idas* lead  
With pious Wishes to his Marriage-bed;  
For to revenge fall'n *Lyncæus* hasty Doom,  
He tore a Pillar from the sacred Tomb,  
To dart at *Castor*, dreadfully he stood,  
The fierce Avenger of his Brother's Blood.  
*Jove* interpos'd, and, by his strict Command,  
Swift *Lightning* struck the Marble from his Hand;  
He strove to reach it, but his Soul was fir'd,  
He fell, and in no common Destiny expir'd.  
Thus must the *Brothers* still victorious prove,  
So great in Courage, and ally'd to *Jove*.

Hail, *Leda's* Sons, still vigorous Strength infuse,  
And still preserve the Honour of my Muse;  
You, *Helen*, and the valiant *Brave*, that strove  
At *Troy* for injur'd *Menelaus* Love,



Poets have serv'd, for with exalted Rage  
 They tell your Fame, and spread thro' future Age;  
*Homer* hath rais'd it with a lofty Thought,  
 He writes with the same Spirit that you fought;  
 He sings the *Grecian Fleet*, grave *Nestor's* Care,  
 And brave *Achilles*, Fortrefs of the War.  
 I bring the Tribute of a meaner Muse,  
 Those humble Strains her sparing Heats infuse;  
 Yet this is all, the best that I can do,  
 The utmost that my Talent will allow;  
 And to the Gods, let Riches vainly strive,  
 Verse is the greatest Present Men can give.

~~~~~

# Select Epigrams

OF

## THEOCRITUS.

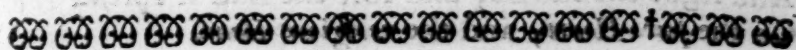
Now first made English from the Original GREEK, by  
 several Hands.

~~~~~

On the Statue of ARCHILOCHUS.

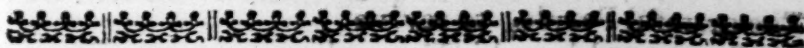
Say, Traveller, *Archilochus* behold,  
 Who in *Jambicks* wrote of old,  
 Whose Glory and Renown has run  
 Down from the rising to the setting Sun.  
 Him surely *Phæbus* and the Nine admir'd,  
 And with their double Art inspir'd;  
 For the divine Musician play'd  
 To his soft Lute, Songs which the Poet made.

On



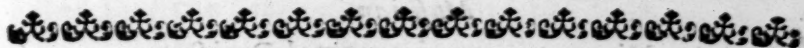
*On the Statue of ANACREON.*

Stranger, survey this Statue with Concern,  
And when at Home you shall return,  
Say, That at Teos you have lately been,  
And there *Anacreon's* Image seen.  
Say, That of Lyrics, who before him sung,  
No Poet had a sweeter Tongue.  
And if you say, that Youths were his Delight,  
You draw the *Man* compleatly right.



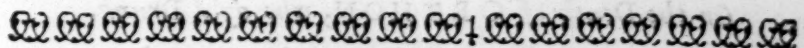
*On the Poet HIPPONAX, the Satyrift.*

THE Poet *Hipponax* lies here ;  
If you are bad, the Tomb reverse,  
Which does his Ashes keep :  
But if you're just, and good, you may  
Secure and unmolested stay,  
And, if it please you, sleep.



*On the Tomb of EURYMEDON.*

THIS Tomb contains thee, good *Eurymedon*,  
Who dying young, hast left a youthful Son ;  
Thou with the Deities above art plac'd,  
And he with future Honours shall be grac'd.  
This on the Son his Country shall bestow,  
Mindful how much they to the Father owe.



*On the same.*

Stranger, dost thou an equal Honour pay  
To the polluted Dust, and pious Clay ?  
Happy this Tomb, thy honest Tongue replies,  
For here *Eurymedon* the Virtuous lies ;

And

And light the Mould, and soft the Dust is spread  
On the pure Heart, and the religious Head.

On the Statue of PISANDER, who wrote the Labour  
of HERCULES in Verse.

**T**HIS Man, who from *Carrus* sprung,  
*Pisander*, first of Poets, sung;  
The Monster-taming Son of *Jove*  
Extoll'd him to the Gods above;  
And wrote with as divine a Thought,  
His Labours, as the Hero fought.  
The grateful People, to revive  
His Fame, and keep his Name alive,  
This brazen Statue rais'd, which might  
The Wrath of Time and Tempests slight;  
That to late Ages might be known  
The Poet's Merit, and their own.

On a Statue dedicated to the Muses by XENOCLES, the  
Musician.

**A**onian Nine, to your immortal Praise,  
This grateful Statue *Xenocles* did raise;  
The World will say, that he has wisely done,  
Who by his tuneful Art such Fame has won.  
Could a Musician a less Off'ring bring  
To them who taught him how to Play and Sing?

On the Death of ORTHON, who dy'd Drunk.

**S**tranger, observe the Lesson *Orthon* gave,  
Which still is echo'd from his hollow Grave.  
If Drunk, you can no longer walk upright,  
No Journey take on a dark Winter Night.  
For such my Fate, when travelling Abroad,  
I chanc'd to stagger, and had got my Load;

Far

Far from my Country where I took my Birth,  
Now to lie cover'd under foreign Earth.



*On the Statue of VENUS the Cœlestial.*

**N**O vulgar *Venus* this, which here is plac'd,  
(The Present of *Chrysozona* the Chast)  
Who lives in *Amphicles*'s House, with whom  
All Things are common in a single Room.  
Thou, O Cœlestial *Venus* ! art their Care ;  
To thee each Year they make their early Pray'r ;  
Each Year for that alone they better fare. }  
For while poor Mortals do the Gods regard,  
The Gods on Mortals double the Reward



*Upon EUSTHENES, the Physiognomist.*

**T**HIS Tomb encloses *Eusthenes* the Wise,  
A Sage, who Nature trac'd thro' each Disguise, }  
And saw the Soul conspicuous in the Eyes.  
To him his Friends and Fellow-strangers gave,  
In foreign Earth, this honourable Grave :  
They lov'd their Friend, and lov'd his Poet too,  
And pay'd the dead Philosopher his Due,  
Who could not aid himself, yet found an Aid  
In these his Friends, who Honour thus his Shade.

FINIS.



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|                | A Goatherd persuades the Shepherd Thyrsis to bewail Daphnis, who dy'd for Love; and gives him a large Cup and Goat for a Reward. The Scene Sicily, about the River Himera.                                                                            |        |
| Idyllium II.   | Or, The Inchantment,                                                                                                                                                                                                                                  | 7      |
|                | Samætha being forsaken by Delphis, resolves to try the Force of Charms to recover his Affection; applies herself to the Moon, as a powerful Goddess in both those Matters; and after she hath sent away her Maid, tells the Story of her Misfortunes. |        |
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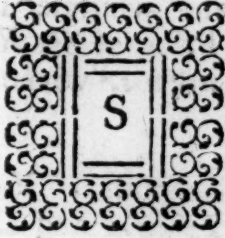
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